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The Critic

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FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

Some Impressions of Mr. Lowell

THE WRITER of this paper had for some four years an official connection with Mr. Lowell and, as would of course happen in seeing daily a man of such marked qualities, formed a lively impression of his character and genius. This he has sketched here :—

Perhaps the first quality which would have impressed any one in Mr. Lowell was his youthfulness. I have heard this trait remarked upon by numbers of persons. There were several elements to be distinguished in this quality. Lowell was a poet, and poets are apt to keep their youth beyond other men. It is also a common observation that men of superior character—of whom he was undoubtedly one—often retain their youthfulness in advanced years. It is not difficult to mention persons in whom this combination of elements exists, resulting in a youthful character of mind. Such a man as Matthew Arnold had it to a marked degree, although in him it was associated with an extraordinary personal attractiveness. We see it also in the simplicity and the brave eccentricity of Lord Tennyson's character, as expressed in his later poems. Such persons, indeed, seem to preserve a physical youth beyond other people. An old lady, who was an intimate friend of Carlyle's, has told me that Carlyle had an eye of a peculiar color, a light blue, and that an eye of this color almost always fades in old age, but that Carlyle's eye retained in extreme age the bright color of youth. Mr. Lowell had the same combination of youthful qualities which belonged to these men, but I think that he had, over and beyond these, a quality of youth which was his own. It seemed to me that many of his traits might be referred to this youthfulness, even those which were remarked upon by people as foibles. He was, for instance, fond of a style of paradoxical conversation. We had been, I remember, to see a burlesque, in which a policeman was made to act on the stage in a ridiculous manner. Mr. Lowell gravely maintained that such an exhibition had a tendency to lower the public respect for authority, was *contra bonos mores*, and that the Lord Chamberlain should have prohibited it. In this he was perfectly serious. He was never better company than when in this vein, and the habit of mind was to a great degree the result of his elastic youthfulness. I have seen him described in some of the English papers as having a self-conscious manner. He had at times a somewhat professional air, but the boy was too strong in him to leave much room for the professor.

It is odd that Mr. Lowell should have been distinctively the Yankee poet; for I should not have said that he had the Yankee characteristics. He had a power of enjoyment which was not Yankee, a power of enjoyment both mental and physical. He liked good food, drink and tobacco, and was altogether very fond of the earth. He sometimes spoke of this quality and said that he had upon his ear a mark which is peculiar to the ear of the faun. One might say also that he was without the proverbial keen-sightedness of the Yankee. He did not impress me as having this quality as an individual, nor do I find it in his writings, certainly not in his critical writings. He had great qualities for the critic's task. He had very wide reading. He said, for instance, that for ten years he lay on his back and did nothing but read. He had also a great feeling of the romance of literature and learning, and he had the same power of enjoyment in literature which he had in life in general. But does he not appear in his literary essays as an enjoying rather than a critical reader? If, however, he had not what would be called keen perceptions, he was also without that acerbity which is apt to accompany such perceptions. As became so prosperous and successful a man, his judgments of men and things were very gentle.

But if Mr. Lowell had not himself to any marked degree the Yankee qualities, the world knows what delight he took in the Yankee society and characteristics, and the great admiration he had for Yankee wit. I remember his once telling me about meeting somewhere on Cape Cod a native Yankee humorist. He asked this man if he would have something to drink. The man said, "I guess I'll have some of Hawkins's whetstone." This was, no doubt, a current joke of the day, and had reference to a noted temperance lecturer, named Hawkins, whose eloquence was profanely said to be assisted by a particular preparation of alcohol. Of that man, Mr. Lowell said :—"He was a real humorist. It was not merely that he was funny to listen to. He knew he was funny." Lowell was, of course, full of Yankee stories, and told them admirably. One or two I have heard him tell come into my mind as I write. One day a man came into the office who was a neighbor of Lowell's in Cambridge. Lowell told us that his parents were Millerites, that is, believed in the second coming of Christ and the approaching end of the world. The mother was a devout believer, the father holding the same faith, or, for the sake of domestic peace, pretending to hold it. Late one night, when there was a very heavy fall of snow on the ground, the old woman was awakened by a noise from down stairs, which she at once supposed meant the end of the world, and she accordingly woke her husband up, saying :—"John, the Lord's a-comin'. I hear His chariot wheels." He replied :—"You old fool, to think the Lord would come on wheels when there's such good sleddin'." He told these stories with an excellent imitation of the Yankee speech.

Something happened one day in the office which suggested the following. There was a time, some sixty years ago, when the fastest sailing-ships in the world were built in the shipyards of New England. About that time an American clipper and an English yacht were entering the harbor of Genoa together, and there was a race between the clipper and the yacht; and the clipper won in the race. When the two vessels were in port, the owner of the English yacht, a person of polished manners, came on board the American, and very handsomely congratulated the captain of the clipper upon his achievement, which he said was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that it was the first time that his yacht had ever been beaten. The literal-minded old Yankee Captain replied, "Well now, that's curious. It's the first time the Polly Ann ever beat anything."

But if Mr. Lowell was not distinctively a Yankee, the fact must not be overlooked that he was a very natural and characteristic outcome of the peculiar life of eastern Massachusetts. The neighborhood of Boston, during the first half of this century, had far more intellectual activity than any other part of the country. The Unitarian movement began in the first years of the century, and kept expanding until, about the time of Mr. Lowell's early manhood, it culminated in the New England Transcendentalism. Throughout these years the little community of eastern Massachusetts was stirred by discussions to which the rest of the country was a stranger. One has only to talk with old people near Boston to perceive how much the neighborhood was absorbed in these discussions. Years ago, for instance, I remember being at Bar Harbor, Maine, in the company of two New England clergymen, who spoke of some event as having happened "before the war." Supposing that they referred to the Civil War, I asked :—"Did not that happen in the early part of the century?" They replied :—"We are speaking of the religious war." Lowell's father was a Unitarian clergyman, and the son's childhood and youth were passed among men who had taken part in those battles. These discussions, of course, awakened his intellect, but they also gave his mind a strong impulse in a spiritual and ideal direction. His strong Puritan characteristics he no doubt owed to these early surround-

ings. It is to be questioned whether there have ever existed people more distinctively Puritan than these New England Unitarians. Under the old Calvinistic belief, there was a place for sin; sin had under that system a recognized position and in a sense a kind of respectability. But in the polite and refined religion of the new sect there appeared to be no place for sin and the sinner. There was in the remote glance with which that sect looked out upon evil from its library windows a Puritanism as extreme as that to be found in the more violent reprobation of its orthodox predecessors. Along with this latent austerity, however, there was, of course, a very real gentleness. There was also a sincere and sanguine faith in the high capabilities of human nature. A high conception of human nature was indeed a general characteristic of the Massachusetts society of the time. It showed itself not only in their religions, but in their literary and practical movements, such as Transcendentalism and Abolitionism. Lowell came to early manhood just at the time when the little world about Boston was most agog with these ideas, and they were of a kind to profoundly influence a high-minded young man. They were ideas, one might add, particularly suitable to youth. It was a propitious time for the young, more so, one would think, than the practical period of the war, or than the cooler and more critical days that have since succeeded. These new ideas must have been very alluring to the more clever and generous among the young people of that day. Virtue was itself, one would think, unusually attractive then. It was a time when the primroses grew along the straight and narrow path, and the Wicket Gate was as pretty and as rustic as in the old pictures in "Pilgrim's Progress." Lowell had, to a marked degree, the characteristics of the society in which he was brought up, particularly its spirituality and delicate moral sense. This, no doubt, goes without saying, and the statement of it may be somewhat superfluous. But it was a most important personal trait of his, one closely connected, by the way, with that elasticity and youthfulness in which he was so singularly gifted. In this connection, an incident comes into my mind, which may indeed seem scarcely worth mentioning, but which gave me at the moment a strong sense of his instinctive love of the nice and the superior, and of the character of the society in which his early associations had been cast. I was dining one night at his house, and sat next the late Prof. Gray, a person of most attractive appearance. Mr. Lowell came with me to the door, and, with reference to Prof. Gray, said:—"He always seems to me like some one who had lived all his life among flowers."

Something must be said of Mr. Lowell's residence in England. It was his good fortune to do more, perhaps, than any other individual has done to make the two great branches of the English-speaking world conscious of their essential unity. His appointment as Minister to England was an accident, due to the sudden and much regretted retirement of Mr. Welsh, but the appointment proved to be a very fortunate one. An English critic has observed that it was remarkable that Mr. Lowell should have been so successful in English society, coming to England, as he did, late in life. But in truth he seems to me to have come just at the right time. In some reflections of his upon travel, Mr. Lowell says "that a man should have travelled around himself and the great *terra incognita* just outside of and inside his own threshold before he undertakes voyages of discovery to other worlds." He had fulfilled these conditions before he visited England. I doubt if there was any time in his life when he was better fitted for the social enjoyments and advantages of London than at the time he came. He had ripe experience and an abundance of various and entertaining knowledge, and united with these qualities the attractive youthfulness of which mention has been made. And in leaving home, he could not have gone to a better place than England. He was fitted to find enjoyment anywhere, but England was a country of which he was especially fond. He liked the climate. He used to say that the English atmosphere was a "fat" air, and that it supported him. I dare say he liked and was soothed by the English landscape, not so wild as his own, but so soft and

vague and so suitable to the good food and lodging to be had in English country houses. His buoyant and sprightly disposition, no doubt, took pleasure in the gay aspects of London in the season, when Bond Street, surely near Lubin's shop the best smelling street in the world, has received a flood of the tepid and ephemeral sunshine of those islands, and the shops and pavements are filled with the best specimens, male and female, of a particularly handsome race. It was somewhat odd that he should have taken with such zest to London society, considering the solitary life he had led at Cambridge. Perhaps I ought not to speak of it as solitary; a life passed with a few chosen friends gives perhaps the greatest social enjoyment that it is possible to have. But as a matter of fact, till the time of his appointment to Spain, he seems to have gone very little in general society. He is said to have passed the greater part of his life in the company of some half-a-dozen people. There was a populous city a few miles distant from Cambridge, with plenty of good society, which would have been glad to welcome him. But I believe he did not go in that society at all. Nor do I think he would have found the conditions of the society of any other American city any more to his liking. And yet he no sooner goes abroad than he is discovered to possess very great talents for general society. These talents, I should add, were an important part of his nature. In truth Lowell was a man born to success, born to shine. Had it not been for his London residence, one of his most striking qualities, except as it appears in his writings, would scarcely have been known, or at any rate would not have obtained general recognition: I mean a brilliant, scintillating quality. He had a power of shining, like some bird, the sheen of whose bright plumage sends back the rays of the sun.

Mr. Lowell, of course, enjoyed and highly appreciated the great consideration in which he was held in London. Some people indeed had an impression that he was a little spoiled by it, which was certainly not true. Considering his buoyant and elastic temper, it was rather remarkable that he was not more affected than he was by his great success. But he had a native modesty, a just sense of the proportion of things, and an amiability of disposition which always stayed by him. He did not seem to be in the least uplifted by the official honors which came on him late in life, and which would scarcely have come to him in any country but the United States. I remember one remark of his which showed his feeling on this point. I came into the office one day just after having seen the Lord Mayor's show pass through Parliament Street. Mention was made of the anecdote told in Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote" about Alderman Boydell, who rose to be an Alderman from a very humble station. Northcote once asked him whether he was not gratified by his fine coach and gilt trappings. Boydell said:—"Ah, there was one who would have been pleased at it, but her I have lost."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Lowell. "The people for whose opinion you care most are no longer living; when I was appointed Minister to Spain, I remember thinking: if my father were only alive to see this, I should be pleased by it." This was his feeling about official honors. Nor do I think he set a very high estimate upon his writings and literary abilities. He once told me that he said to a young Englishman who had been introduced to him at Madrid, and who had said that he had never read his works:—"Well, I do not regard them as necessary to a liberal education." I may be allowed here to remark that poets and artists will, in point of modesty, compare very favorably with any other class of men. A very superior man in almost any walk of life is not likely to be conceited; but I believe it is true that poets and men of genius are, as a rule, less conceited than men of talent, than men who can do something. At any rate, men of talent, where they are conceited, have a steadier and more ingrained pride. There are several reasons for this distinction. In the first place, the poets see over a wider field. Then the man of talent can prove his ability, while the artist cannot prove his. The man who has successfully managed a railroad or conducted a newspaper may point to

his achievement as evidence of his ability. But no artist can prove that his poem or his picture is a good one; and it is in the power of almost anybody to make him, for the moment, at any rate, think that his work is nonsense. But conceit is in all men largely a matter of native bent; and Mr. Lowell, anxious as he was to be liked, and ready as he was to be admired, did not have much of it in his character.

The literary and public expressions of an author whom one knows are, in one's own mind, mixed up with, and are scarcely distinguishable from, his more personal and individual expressions; and I may therefore be permitted, in conclusion, some reflections upon Mr. Lowell's published works. Of the poems not in dialect, there are two or three relating to the events of his early life, which are in everyone's mouth. In these feeling and passion express themselves in true music; one can hear a voice, with the sweet and rich *timbre* of early manhood, really singing among the lilacs and the apple-blossoms of the New England June. The poems recited on various occasions after the war have been greatly admired, and yet they do not seem so natural as those earlier ones. I have seen them described as "rhetorical," which they no doubt are in a sense, having been written to be delivered—written, as it were, by ear, as a lecture is prepared. There is still another class of poems, not in dialect, in which Lowell was particularly successful. I mean those in which the serious and the comic are brought together, and which glance in these two directions. I remember his once coming into the office and reading us a poem, in which the moon was described as rising over a Cambridge boarding-house. That was very like him—the moon and a Cambridge boarding-house! I do not find the poem in his latest volume of verse, but it was pretty enough to have been preserved. This was a vein which was very natural to him, and in which he was highly successful.

In all of these poems, as well as in those in dialect, there is, to my mind, a cheery vigor, which I can best describe by likening it to the bright aspect of the New England landscape in midwinter. He liked winter, by the way, as people of a strong constitution are apt to do, and he has written "A Good Word for Winter." One might say that the gaiety of disposition which he had so strongly was of the Northern rather than of the Southern kind. The sun shines in a sky without a cloud, over a wide domain of dazzling white, and the brilliant atmosphere is filled with the flying snow-dust. He once told me that he was of Scandinavian ancestry, and I can imagine that there was something of this in his verse and in his nature. I can fancy, as I read his poetry or remember his conversation, a skald of the Norsemen, with blond beard and ruddy cheek and merry bright eyes, singing in a snow trench and quaffing deep draughts of the legendary mead. Do you know how the sap runs from the side of the sugar-maple? That was very like the clear current of his verse. He combined brightness with elastic strength. His mind appeared to me to have a tough elasticity, like the supple fibre of a hickory sapling or the rebound of ivory.

But his greatest work was the dialect poetry, and by that he will be best remembered. I have, indeed, heard it questioned whether poetry which concerns events already forgotten, and the explanation of which posterity will have to look up in histories and cyclopedias, can be sure of being read in the future. The poetry of Dryden is an example of poetry of this kind which must always hold its place, but undoubtedly, as a rule, such verse has small chance of living. Mr. Lowell's poetry has also the disadvantage of being in a dialect—a dialect, moreover, the memory of which, owing to the powerful unifying influences at work in our society, must soon disappear from among men. But "The Biglow Papers" have on their side some weighty considerations. They have immense animal spirits; I doubt if you will anywhere find verse of the kind, in writing which the poet has had more fun; and animal spirits is perhaps a quality to which posterity is partial, just as it is notoriously averse to the recondite and the abstruse. Moreover, these poems have the United States behind them. The country cannot afford to neglect

them. The verse which we have of this character is at the best very scant and is in extent, at any rate, most disproportionate to the greatness of the subject. It is to be doubted if there is anywhere to be found a piece of European, or, I dare say, Asiatic territory, which has not been better sung than our great empire. Furthermore, this country will always take especial care of the literature relating to the Civil War. Throughout the long years of material prosperity, which to every appearance lie before us, that epoch will always have a great interest for the people. How colorless are the issues with which our politics are concerned to-day compared with those issues of human passion with which we were occupied thirty years ago, and how colorless are they likely to remain—unless, indeed, the issues are to concern questions of private property, in which case they will be anything but colorless. How political we were in those days, and what a capacity the country showed for self-sacrifice and for interest in ideas! We can now appreciate these qualities in the retrospect, for we are beginning to look back with a certain incredulity upon a time when people were interested in something besides making money. The period of the war had furthermore its tragical distinctions. Never again, it is probable, will the public stage be filled by events and by scenes so dramatic. Hence it is that works which portray with genius that time and subject will be sure of a great and permanent place in our literature. On these grounds, therefore, conjointly with its high intrinsic excellence, one may anticipate for Mr. Lowell's dialect poetry a long career of fame.

E. S. NADAL.

Literature

Three Books on Art

1. *Man in Art*. By P. G. Hamerton. \$30. Macmillan & Co.
2. *French Art*. By W. C. Brownell. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
3. *Preferences in Art, Life and Literature*. By Harry Quiller, M.A. \$9. Macmillan & Co.

WHAT IS NOBLEST and most essential in man, Mr. Hamerton thinks, escapes the artist, who cannot really display the workings even of the individual mind, still less of social activity. If the sculptor tries to symbolize all this in a naked statue, "however ably the muscles may be imitated and the bones indicated, it seems to me [Mr. Hamerton] that man himself is not generically represented here, but only the body of some well-made or idealized individual." "Art itself, the purely artistic perfection, has nothing to do with the celebration of powers that are alien to art"; and the writer fears that his preference of mind to body may be anti-artistic "as tending towards the philosophical rather than the plastic and graphic representation of things."

This is surely a curious confession for a man, who has spent the best part of his life as an art-critic, to make at the beginning of a bulky volume on "Man in Art" (1). But, while it is an admission of want of sympathy, and, therefore, it seems to us, of incomplete understanding, it contains an important half-truth, which he maintains and illustrates with much skill in his sections on "Culture," "Beauty," "Religious Art," "History" and "Portrait." He makes no consecutive argument, but, while dealing in a popular sort of way with the different branches of his subject, he takes occasion, every now and then, to define his position. He agrees with Rossetti that art is the antithesis of science, and with Prof. Seeley that the artistic is closely related to the religious turn of mind. Art deals with the relations of things to one another, which relations are, at the best, so elusive that they can only be felt, not grasped. Art tends to the ideal, owing to dissatisfaction with natural beauty, which always leaves something to be desired. This ideal element in art he imagines to be wholly the result of special culture. French peasants, he thinks, are devoid of it, and so, he gives us to understand, is the realistic painting of Couture and Manet. But the peasants probably have ideals of their own; the Yankee farmer, we know, has his ideal pumpkin; and, in short, the faculty is a common human one, to deny which in

a man is to deny in him the power to reason, or even to observe in a human fashion.

Mr. Hamerton's principal aim, however, is to show that all the higher fruits of those faculties in which art differs from science are to be sought in literature and not in painting or sculpture. The artist has to express himself in terms of visible nature, and the soul is seen but vaguely in the face, and hardly at all in even the idealized body; gods, in art, are but men; and if landscape were included in his theme, Mr. Hamerton might go on to say that all of landscape that paint can render is but dirt and mist. Of the history of man, or of men, the artist can show us but a passing phase, and that must be chosen with regard, above all things, to the possibility of representing it.

This is true, but not the whole truth. The artist should not attempt the "literary sort of thing." He cannot paint or carve an abstract idea, and it is not his business to amuse us with such a variety of incongruous images as the poet, John Keats, shouting with Achilles in the trenches, and Tennyson in a turban floating down the Tigris. But we would only have to point to a few really great works of art to prove that the artist can bring to mind at a glance and with great force the whole of a long and complicated story, provided the story is already known. The entire gospel narrative is resumed in Titian's "Entombment" and in Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross." The power of suggestion wielded by a great painter is literally immense: we may question whether in this respect the brush is not greater than the pen. Even when, as in the case of certain of the Parthenon marbles, the story is lost, and we cannot be sure who or what the figures were intended to represent, the artist's work still acts powerfully on the mind and lifts it to the level of all great thoughts.

Mr. Brownell, by some subtle intellectual process, has got nearer than Mr. Hamerton to the artist's point of view. He has reasoned out for himself verities which the artist regards as fundamental. He does not speak, for instance, of the actual work of painting, as Mr. Hamerton does, as a merely mechanical business requiring nothing but a practised hand. Yet he, too, seems to regret the inability of paint or marble to actually tell a story. His aim in his little book on "French Art" (2) is to trace the collective influence of the school on the artists composing it. The classic ideal, which is one of clearness, compactness, measure and balance, distinguishes French art as a whole from the art of other modern nations. Mr. Brownell does good service in pointing out how far these qualities go to redeem the otherwise unattractive art of the age of Louis XIV. He is also right in attributing to them much of the vogue which French painting enjoys at present. But he would succeed better in convincing the average reader of their importance if he had recognized distinctly the equal importance of the opposite movement in French art—the movement towards individualism, color, emotion; the romantic movement, in short, which can hardly be said to have less effect on the art of to-day. He concludes that the French social instinct that imposes every new discovery as a law on all alike will be strong enough in the future to crush out individualism. There may be a general movement of that sort outside of art, but it is hard to discover any sign of it in the fine arts.

Mr. Harry Quilter is an art-critic, best known here through his bout with Mr. Whistler, who seldom troubles himself with generalities such as these. He takes pleasure in a work of art as a material object, or because it has for him certain associations; it may be with a virtuous ballet-dancer; it may be with a friend departed. The largest share of his "Preferences in Art, Life and Literature" (3) is given to an account of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, drawn mainly from statements furnished by Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Ford Madox Brown. The latter excellent though little known painter has a talent for telling racy stories of his old-time pupils and associates, and Mr. Quilter has preserved with all their relish his anecdotes of Rossetti's waywardness and generosity, of the small mercies that cheered the industrious

Hunt in his early struggles, and of Millais's simple pride in his knighthood, his fine house and his wife. But even Mr. Quilter must try, it seems, to put himself in the artist's place, and he has actually dirtied his fingers with paint and spoiled many canvases in the attempt. For our part, we prefer a page of such purely literary criticism as Lamb's to all that an intelligence that does not naturally take the plastic way of regarding things can tell us of that way. A writer may cast a side-light upon a work of art, but if the work is not for us self-luminous he can never make us see it as the artist did.

Mr. Quilter's book is illustrated by "process" after pictures and drawings by Millais, Rossetti, Wm. Hunt, Farquharson, Adrian Stokes and others. Mr. Hamerton's book has more costly illustrations, of which the hyalographs after antique statuary are the least tolerable and the photogravures after G. Bellini and Vittore Pisano the most enjoyable. There are also etchings by Rhead, Murray and Manesse, a mezzotint after Watts's portrait of Tennyson, heliographs after Rembrandt and specimens of wood-engraving and line-engraving.

Alfred Austin's "Fortunatus the Pessimist"

*Macmillan is the publisher, and he
Sells it for dollars one and quarters three.*

OF ALFRED AUSTIN'S uninspired verse
We lately wrote, and told in language terse
How generally dull it is and dry
And how it flutters when it fain would fly;
For then it was—to six large volumes swelled—
The labors of this poet we beheld
And wondered at. We still are wondering
How such a slender voice so much could sing,
And, so much having sung, strength still possess
Again to warble in the wilderness.

Impelled by some not quite divine afflatus
He recently has written "Fortunatus
The Pessimist"—a drama of our time—
In blank-verse, save for interludes in rhyme
Which, gay and graceful, frequently are done
In the smooth metre of Anacreon.

A more attractive work is this than those
Long tragedies in rhyme that should be prose,
"Savonarola" and "The Tower of Babel,"
Which, to appreciate, but few are able:
A less ambitious work,—it thereby gains
In point of pleasure what it lacks in pains;
For when this poet ventures to aspire,
Even the ashes of the sacred fire
Cannot be found with embers live to show
A glimmer of the true poetic glow.

Respectable, his verse may well be called;
Always respectable, and sometimes—bald.
Movement and fire his longer poems miss;
One feels their absence in a work like this,
Lyrics of love and nature he can write
Whose melody and fancy wake delight;
And two or three in "Fortunatus" shine
Like buds upon a pessimistic vine!

To sum up briefly then, the book is writ
In careful English, with a show of wit.
The tale is simple, gay, and not too long
To suit admirers of the author's song,
And tells how Fortunatus, pessimist,
Landed at last upon the marriage list.

*Despite the limitations of his powers
We much prefer A. Austin's verse to ours;
And if he be the judge we hope he is,
Doubtless he will prefer our verse to his!*

Two American Prelates

John Hughes. By Henry A. Brann. Life and Times of Bishop White. By Julius H. Ward. \$1 each. (Makers of America.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that already a majority of the books in the list of Makers of America stand in a row on the library shelf, and that the little red volumes form an attractive series of trustworthy monographs. The latest pair introduces us to two American prelates, both of them, in a true sense of the word, being makers of America, and both of them, also, religious leaders whose names are widely revered. The Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., rector of St. Agnes' Church, is the biographer of the most Rev. John Hughes, first Archbishop of New York. The author dedicates his work to Archbishop Corrigan, and his book is thoroughly flavored with the spirit of an uncompromising believer in the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. He pictures clearly the early life and education of the Irish boy who was to become so great a power in America. John Hughes was born in County Tyrone and grew up among the Orangemen as the most devoted of the faithful to the See of St. Peter. He came to America in 1817, at the age of twenty years, and worked as a day laborer. He entered St. Mary's Seminary, and wrote a book in which the usual stock arguments for Romanism and Catholicism were set forth. His work as priest and rector of a parish was in Philadelphia, and there he encountered what is called the "trustee system," a genuine American institution, intended to keep property out of prelatical control, which roused the ire of the prelate. He at once began to antagonize it, and kept at the work of destruction with characteristic pluck and tenacity until, as his biographer says, "he crushed the schismatic and uncanonical 'trustee system' with one blow of his strong crozier" (the italics are ours). Other things that were peculiarly American he opposed with equal vigor, while at the same time being what he himself believed to be a genuine American. Certainly his patriotism, however hard to be interpreted liberally by a Christian of another sort, was undoubtedly genuine. He took a great interest in Irish Catholic emancipation and had a great controversy with Breckenridge. He insisted on the un-American idea of having money appropriated out of the public funds for the teaching of sectarianism, and went through another great controversy with the trustees of St. Louis' Church, Buffalo. He opposed the "Native American" movement and the "Know Nothings." He was one of the most laborious and earnest of men, and his great influence over the Roman Catholics in the United States led President Lincoln to send him to Europe during the Civil War to counteract, with Mr. Beecher, the influence of the Confederate commissioners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The volume is one of great interest, because it shows what kind of Americanism a Roman Catholic priest believes in, and it also exhibits clearly the elements in the school question, and in many other problems, in which Romanism and Protestantism, or Catholic and Reformed Christianity, are at odds. In one respect, this book is among the ablest of the entire series; for while the writer is an intense admirer of the great Archbishop, he also is undoubtedly an American of the sort not usually read by the average Protestant reader. It is interesting to know that the author believes that the free institutions of America were almost as dear to the Archbishop as his Christian faith. Certainly John Hughes was a commanding personality and a sincere and able man.

The Rev. Julius H. Ward, one of the editors of the *Boston Herald*, has written of the life and times of Bishop White. While giving us a clear outline of the man whom many recognize as the father of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, he has also presented a most interesting picture of the social and ecclesiastical background before which Bishop White stood. Born in Virginia, but living most of the time in Philadelphia, William White was fitted both by nature and by grace to be the reconciler and uniter of the scattered American Episcopalians, whose Church began its life in free America under a cloud. He was able to take

large views, to hear patiently, to lift up petty questions into larger light, and thus to unite in one compact form of Christianity the Churchmen of the Southern, Middle and Eastern States.

Mr. Ward writes with appreciation and an interest that is kindling. Though his style is neither brilliant nor varied, he has on the whole given us a clear picture of the life of the great man and of the times in which he dwelt. With Seabury, Bishop White revised the American edition of the English Book of Common Prayer, and to this day his influence is notable in the Church life and councils. He was a genuine maker of that typical America which we call the United States. The introduction by Bishop Henry C. Potter is forcibly written, and is of great value. He well says that "to-day it is beginning to be seen as it never has been seen before that the Church of which William White was a Bishop has an office of reconciliation which no other body can even pretend to attempt." In this series of *Makers of America* each writer has been left free to utter his own convictions.

"The Great Enigma"

By William S. Lilly. \$4. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS BOOK DISCUSSES the religious questions of the present time from the standpoint of historical Christianity. Certain portions of it have previously appeared in some of the English reviews; but much of it is new, and the whole now forms a connected and continuous work. The author is already known as a writer on religious and ethical subjects and as the master of a lively and interesting style. The "Great Enigma" with which the book deals is that of human existence and destiny, involving such questions as "What am I? Whence am I? Why am I? What is my final end? What the means to it?" The traditional answer to these questions is no longer acceptable to many minds, and some even despair of their ever being answered. This unsettled and sceptical state of opinion is fully recognized by Mr. Lilly, who views it with some alarm; yet he thinks that Christianity still furnishes a sufficient answer. He divides the opponents of Christianity at the present day into atheists and agnostics, but thinks the former of little consequence except for their possible influence among the unthinking masses. He gives some examples of the teaching of the French atheists, and then proceeds to a criticism of agnosticism, which occupies a large part of the book.

He divides the agnostics into two classes; those who are merely critical and those who attempt to construct a new system of thought and a new doctrine of morality in place of the old; Renan being the type of the former class and Spencer of the latter. His sketch of Renan, notwithstanding their wide difference of opinion, is sympathetic and appreciative, and he recognizes to the full not only the French critic's scholarship and literary skill, but also his sincerity and loyalty to his convictions; yet he finds in Renan, as others have found, a certain lack of seriousness and a sceptical habit of mind that disqualified him for the greatest usefulness, and he justly remarks that "in treating of questions which involve the spiritual life and death of nations, his *badinage*, however charming in itself, is as little in place as was the inimitable *persiflage* of Voltaire." But the best chapter in Mr. Lilly's book is the one on Scientific Agnosticism, in which he criticises Herbert Spencer's doctrines of knowledge and of morality. He objects of course to Mr. Spencer's materialism and to his whole theory of knowledge, and has no difficulty in exposing the inconsistencies which those theories involve. In treating of Spencer's ethical theory he justly remarks that it "leaves out the chief facts which call for explanation," and he points out the absurdity of saying that the Ultimate Reality is unknowable, and then predicating of it being, causal energy, eternity and other attributes. Thus Mr. Lilly makes out in many respects a strong case against agnosticism.

But when we go from the critical to the constructive part of his work, we cannot pass so favorable a judgment. His

religious doctrine, as set forth in the later chapters of this book, is little more than a reaffirmation of Roman Catholic Christianity, miracles and all; and this shows that however attentively he may have studied the critical and sceptical writers of the time, he has not fully comprehended the present state of the religious question. His fundamental philosophy is essentially that of Kant; and every thorough student of Kant knows that no satisfactory theology can be founded on the basis of that philosophy. Nor can we agree with Mr. Lilly that "the issue before us is between Christianity and no religion"; for humanity has produced many religions, and is capable of producing more. Still less can we agree with his remark about Christianity that "if we cannot take it as it is, with its doctrines and its traditions, we had better leave it"; for we believe that some of its doctrines and traditions have already been abandoned, their retention in the creeds of the churches being a mere formality. But though we cannot accept all of Mr. Lilly's views, and though we do not find any striking originality in his work, we have enjoyed reading it, and have no doubt that others will enjoy it, too.

"The Discovery of North America"

By Henry Harrisse. In 3 Parts. London: Henry Stevens & Son. Paris: H. Welter.

AMERICA MAY BE SAID to have been twice discovered. The first time was when, four centuries ago, the voyages of Columbus and his contemporaries made known the Western Hemisphere to the Eastern. The second was when, in our own age, the knowledge of these early explorations, which had partly faded from memory and partly been overlaid by fictions, has been rescued from oblivion and brought into the clear light of history by a succession of careful inquirers, beginning with Alexander von Humboldt and ending with Henry Harrisse. The surprising feats of historical and critical research which these eminent and indefatigable students have accomplished may be fairly ranked with the results which during the same period have been achieved by Niebuhr, Champollion, Grotefend and their successors, in the revival of the primitive histories of Rome, Egypt and Assyria. If this should be thought too strong an assertion, a glance at the latest publication of Mr. Harrisse will furnish ample confirmation of its truth. Probably the readiest mode of giving an idea of the amount of labor involved in this work or the extent and value of its results, will be to copy the explanatory portion of the title-page, in which, adopting the appropriate fashion of an earlier age, the author has set forth the objects and contents of his volume. Its eight hundred quarto pages comprise, we are thus informed, "a critical, documentary and historic investigation, with an essay on the early cartography of the New World, including descriptions of 250 maps or globes, existing or lost, constructed before the year 1536; to which are added a chronology of 100 voyages westward, projected, attempted or accomplished between 1431 and 1504; biographical accounts of the 300 pilots who first crossed the Atlantic; and a copious list of the original names of American regions, caciqueships, mountains, islands, capes, gulfs, rivers, towns and harbors."

It is not too much to say that the large promise of this voluminous title has been more than fulfilled. A careful examination of the work makes evident not only the immense labor which the author has devoted to his task, but also the fact that the guiding motive for this labor has been no ambition of literary distinction, or desire to establish a theory, but purely the discovery of truth. For this object no toil and apparently no expense have been deemed excessive. How slightly the regard for mere personal reputation or the ordinary rewards of authorship have counted among the inducements in this case, becomes plain when we learn that only 380 copies of the work have been printed. One cannot well understand the reason of this apparently ill-judged parsimony. It would seem that this number of copies would hardly supply the public libraries in the two hemispheres, for which the work will be an indispensable necessity, leaving

none for the many students for whom the research to which it is devoted has become a passion.

The volume is divided into five parts, of which the first comprises an outline of the early explorations of the successors of Columbus in North America, from John Cabot in 1497 to Estevan Gomez in 1525; the second and third are studies of the early cartography of the New World; the fourth presents a chronology of westward voyages between 1431 and 1504; the fifth is a biographical dictionary of pilots and cartographers who flourished between 1492 and 1550; and an appendix furnishes full and useful indexes of the geographical and personal names referred to in the volume. The most attractive portion will doubtless be the first part, in which, as a result of the author's unsparing investigations, many well-known names and historical passages appear in entirely new lights. The reader quickly becomes aware that the author, by a course of persevering study, pursued for nearly thirty years under peculiar advantages, has made himself master of his subject to an extraordinary degree of thoroughness. The whole history of maritime discovery in the Atlantic during the last half of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries lies open before him in its minutest points. The lives and characters of the discoverers are known to him like those of his personal acquaintances. Only one writer has preceded him in such exactness of knowledge—a knowledge due in this instance not so much to length of study—though that was not small—as to the penetrating discernment of genius. After the imputations which have been lately cast by rash and ill-informed objectors on the integrity and accuracy of Irving, it is no small satisfaction to be assured, as we have lately been by Mr. Theodore Stanton, that in the opinion of Mr. Harrisse, "Irving's is the best of Columbus biographies," and that he has himself had the idea of crowning his own Columbus labors by bringing out an edition of Irving's work embracing, in the form of foot-notes, the corrections and additions necessitated by the discoveries made since the author's time. It is earnestly to be hoped that this purpose will be carried into effect. Mr. Harrisse, notwithstanding his Gallicized name, is, as most readers know, a patriotic American. An edition of the greatest historical work of the most celebrated and justly esteemed American author, revised and annotated by the foremost American archæologist, would be a most valuable addition to the literature of their common country, as well as of all the lands in which the names of Columbus and Irving are held in honor.

"A History of Socialism"

By Thomas Kirkup. 3s. Macmillan & Co.

THE AUTHOR of this book is the writer of the article on Socialism in the last edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica"; but the present work is much more extended, and gives as full an account of modern socialism as most readers will desire. It is confined to the socialism of the nineteenth century, and makes no mention of the communistic religious bodies, such as the Shakers, that have at various times been established. It opens with an account of Robert Owen's experiments in England and elsewhere, and then proceeds to the French systems and theories of Saint-Simon and Fourier, with brief notice of the national workshops of Louis Blanc. Then follows an analysis of the theories of Lassalle and Marx, which are now the recognized forms of socialism, and which are here very well described. Some account is given of the international and of the Russian and other anarchists, and the book closes with a sketch of socialistic movements in recent years. The author writes in good temper throughout and in a plain and unambitious style, and the book will certainly be interesting to all who are interested in the subject.

Mr. Kirkup, however, has not confined himself to mere history, but has given a keen though sympathetic criticism of the systems he describes. He is wholly averse to the abolition of private capital, and to the assumption of the management of industry by the State. He shows the falsity of the

socialistic doctrine that all wealth is the product of manual labor, and clearly recognizes the function of the capitalist and the industrial manager in the work of production. He strongly deprecates the attacks that some socialists have made on religion and the family, and is wholly out of sympathy with all revolutionary methods. On the other hand, he seems desirous of being called a socialist, and devotes a whole chapter to expounding what he terms "purified socialism." When we come to examine his views, however, we find that they extend little further than to what is commonly called industrial coöperation. He quotes with approval Mill's remark that we may hope hereafter to see "the association of the laborers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves." But what Mill had in mind was voluntary coöperation, and to call that socialism is a perversion of language. The essence of socialism, as that term is now used by both advocates and opponents, is the ownership of land and capital and the management of industry by the State, a system to which Mr. Kirkup is opposed. Whether coöperation among laborers is to be the industrial system of the future or not, it is impossible at present to say; but in any case it ought not to be confounded with a system that is radically different.

Florio's "Montaigne"

The Essays of Montaigne done into English by John Florio in 1603. Edited with Introduction by George Saintsbury. The First Book. The Tudor Translations, Edited by W. E. Henley. London: David Nutt.

THE HALF-HISTORIC suspicion that Montaigne had English blood in his veins always adds a delightful piquancy to one's dips and peeps into the *Essays*; for the English reader down to the American Emerson always feels so perfectly at home in them that the prescience of "allied souls" and "kindred spirits" is never far off. Perhaps the reason why Scotchmen attack and edit and comment upon Immanuel Kant so lovingly and so pertinaciously is the half-unconscious feeling that the great logician was a canny Scot at bottom and had Scotch blood coursing through his transcendental veins; and who knows but that some of the popularity of Prosper Mérimée—not to speak of the Empress Eugénie, his friend—is due to the fact that the mother of the former was an Englishwoman and that the latter was remotely Celtic? International comity at any rate is strengthened by the occurrence of such names as MacMahon and O'Donnell in the French and Spanish history, while Sweden and Russia once rejoiced in English names which, however Slavonized or "Scandinavianized," pleasantly recall the former intercourse existing between the countries.

Mirabeau thought that *le silence du peuple est la leçon des rois*. It is certainly not so with Montaigne, whose utterances, so charmingly artless, so full of the "people" become philosophical, are far more full of lessons than his silence would have been. At least quaint old John Florio, Gentleman of Her Majesty Anne of Denmark's Chamber and Reader of Italian unto her, thought so, or he never would have put forth his fascinating translation of Montaigne in 1603.

And let the Critick say the worst he can;
He cannot say but that Montaigne yet
Yields most rich peeces and extracts of man;
Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.

quoth Sam. Daniel in the preface to the translation

The "First Book" now before us is one of the series of Tudor Translations, edited by W. E. Henley, which must enrich the Elizabethan lover's library in an invaluable way. Undoubtedly Montaigne (through Florio) influenced Shakespeare more or less with that golden sort of "influence" or in-flowing as the astrologers fabled to rain down from the stars. This was the way fire was originally kindled—by friction. Souls become phosphorescent by rubbing against each other; and in some cases the dryer the stick the more immediate the flame. Old Florio had revelled in sundry

dry things before he leapt into lambent fire by contact with "Michel, Lord of Montaigne, Gentleman of the French King's Chamber"; such as compiling collections of Italian proverbs, "A World of Words" (his famous Italian-English Dictionary issued in 1598, and now so precious to the lexicographer), and other things suggestive of the photograph supposed to have been taken of him as Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost." But all these were dropped in the rich presence of the Frenchman whose matchless French had to be done into English after all by a half-Italian. Of the general accuracy of the translation few can doubt on comparing original with transfer: even the hypercritical Mr. Saintsbury, whose feeble Introduction rather worries than enlightens the reader, has to admit this, in spite of innumerable *ifs* and *buts* and qualificatives and exasperating circumlocutions. Montaigne's book is, truly as he called it, *un livre de bonne foy*, and this admirable quality is not spoiled in Florio's hands. The Tudor translators, with perhaps the single exception of Chapman, have never been properly appreciated or edited, but this beautiful edition of one of them is a bright augury of the future. Such translators are like those loving artist-monks who, secluded in the *scriptorium*, wrought on their lovely illuminated manuscripts for a whole lifetime, adding here a touch and there a bright memorial letter and yonder a gorgeous angel-haloed evangelist out of pure joy in their work, staining the vellum with precious reminiscences of themselves as well as elucidating their author with the exquisite skill of their pens and pencils. Some day a Book of Kells emerges or an Alcuin's Bible dyed in the sunset imagination of an ancient time and rich with the chameleon hues of monkish artistry, like those altar-tombs of Arabian Khalifs that are hung with priceless memorial broideries. And of this quaint, antic, broidered English is the English of Florio's Montaigne.

Theological and Religious Literature

THE LATE Dr. Wilhelm Moeller, eminent as a church historian and a representative of the mediating school of theology, barely finished his revision of the English translation of his "History of the Christian Church, A.D. 1-600," before he passed over to the other side. His preface is dated Kiel, Easter, 1891. In the original he carried the history down to modern times. With that minuteness and range characteristic of German scholarship there was danger of his losing full sight of his main theme in the mass of details. This danger, however, he has avoided, and the picture of the movement of church life during the first six centuries is wonderfully clear. The earliest ages, those of origin and initial development, will always be the most fascinating to the student, and most alluring also to the narrow specialist, the crank and the sectarian. Throughout this handsome and bulky volume the author's spirit and method are manifest. Here, as elsewhere, he holds closely to the *Vermittlungstheologie*. In relation to hypotheses, which are as yet uncertain, he exercises reserve, and adheres strictly to the solid ground of what is generally accepted. The English is occasionally of a Teutonic sort. Some of the longer sentences remind us of certain experiences of our war days, when our Southern railway journeys were sometimes made over rails which our raiding boys in blue had first twisted when hot around telegraph-poles, and which the Confederates had imperfectly straightened out and used again. In general, however, the style is clear and the text readable. The type is large and kind to the eyes, and the printing is English and excellent. The method of rubrics has been discarded; but with the table-of-contents and the well-staked line of movement the journey through the rich domain of Christian history is easily made. There will be little difficulty in using the work as a text-book or for general reading, especially as there is a good index. We notice an occasional slip or irregularity in the numbering and spacing of the paragraphs and subdivisions. Excellent use is made of the comparative method, and the spirit of candor and fairness to the heathen philosophers and systems is apparent throughout. Similarly, though a State-Churchman in his personal opinions, the local independence of the primitive churches is frankly allowed. In a word, this book is scientific. (\$3.75. Macmillan & Co.)

"EARLY BIBLES OF AMERICA" is the heading under which the Rev. John Wright, D.D., rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Minn., has issued eleven bibliographical essays. The title is perhaps as good as any that might have been chosen; but it is not particularly felicitous, because the book takes in Bibles so recently

issued as Miss Julia E. Smith's, which appeared in 1876. It was proper that the first place and the greatest space should be given to Eliot's Indian Bible—46 pages out of the entire 171. Upon this essay the Rev. Dr. Wright has manifestly done his best. He must have seen many of the copies he alludes to. His descriptions and collations seem at all events to have been taken at first-hand. The same cannot be said for most of the Bibles named afterwards. If it could, the book would take higher rank. After the Eliot comes the Saur Bible—the first Bible in any European language printed in the country. It is curious that the German should have preceded the English Bible, but the fact was creditable to Christopher Saur, who entered into the business of disseminating the Word of God among his countrymen—many of whom were without it—not as a business enterprise, but out of sincere regard for their souls. It is pleasant to record that a prominent German type-founder of the name of Luther "presented [Saur] with a font of type, asking no other compensation than to receive a copy of the Bible when completed." Mr. Saur sent him twelve copies. These fell into the hands of pirates, but after two years' reached their destination—a remarkable story which is, however, perfectly true. Mr. Saur was a great believer in the self-evidencing power of the Word, and considered notes upon it quite superfluous. But space prohibits our alluding to more than a few additional facts. The Rev. Dr. Wright, with praiseworthy industry, has brought together much curious information. It is singular that he seems to have no knowledge of Isaac H. Hall's "American Greek Testament." It is not mentioned in the essay on "Editions of the Greek Testament." He speaks of the historian McMaster as "McMasters" (p. 105 and index); on page 44 prints "Luthers hous'e" (the sign of the possessive case is misplaced); on page 123 refers to the Apocrypha in the singular number, which is perhaps allowable, although the Apocrypha comprise several books; on page 161 refers to the Rev. Henry M. Dexter, apparently oblivious of the fact that he has been dead for two years. The Appendixes must have cost much work. Appendix D gives the present ownership of the Eliot New Testaments and Bibles; Appendix E, some of the prices recently paid for the same; Appendix F, list of the owners of the Saur Bibles as far as known; Appendix G, list of owners of the Aitken Bible (1782), the first English Bible printed in America (the New Testament appeared in 1777). On page 136 he quotes Horace E. Scudder's "Biography of Noah Webster" as applying the term "faintly" to the revision Webster made of the Bible version—the term seems to be a strange usage in that connection. On page 129 he states that Judson was a missionary in India—it would be better to say Burmah. On page 116 he speaks of Ellicott's Greek text as if it covered the entire New Testament—whereas it covers only the Epistles. On page 117 he is apparently ignorant that Engles merely reprinted Bagster's motto. On page 93, for "Bibliac" we should read "Biblica." The book has facsimiles of the title-page of the Eliot Bible of 1663 (both the English and Indian), the Saur Bible of 1743, the Aitken Bible of 1782, and the first Greek Testament published in America, in 1800. It has an index, which is quite minute. It is neatly bound in linen. It should sell well. (\$1.50. Thomas Whittaker.)

PROF. JAMES ROBERTSON, who holds the chair of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow, has produced what is, in many respects, an admirable book. In the "Early Religion of Israel, as set forth by Biblical writers and by modern critical historians," he tries to show to his readers the great gulf which, in his mind, yawns between the ancient writers and their modern critics. Taking Kuenen, Wellhausen and Stade as the representatives of the modern scheme of Old Testament criticism, he proceeds to demolish their theories. Starting, as they do, with Amos and Hosea and the literary products of the eighth century B.C., he works backward to reconstruct, on what he believes Biblical lines, the religion of Jahveh. Were the prophets originators or reformers? This is the main question. To answer it and show that the prophets were reformers only, he restudies the names of God and the notices of His dwelling-places and manifestations, comparing these with the Hebrew accounts of Moloch and fire-worship. He then discusses the ritual and priestly organizations. He concludes that the modern critics are arbitrary and untrustworthy, and that the law-codes were given in substance just as the traditional Biblical view makes them to have been given. Nevertheless, the author is more an apologist than a critical or cold-blooded historian. His claim that the literary ability manifest in Amos presupposes a literary atmosphere and training among Israelites long centuries before is not a solid argument, but only an inference. He does not seem to discriminate clearly between ethical and social progress, nor between literary expression and ritual organization. Further, on page 405, he seems to virtually build foundations for the critical methods of the moderns by acknowledging that "a later editing or revision of it" (the Levitical code) explains the discrepancies between the longer and shorter forms of the Covenant and the Deuteronomic code. The

book is well constructed, and equipped with abundant notes, references and index. Wisely the author judges the issues of this controversy to be greater than those involved in "verbal inspiration," or the American or New Jersey doctrine of "inerrancy," over which the orthodox in Scotland make so merry. In his concluding pages Dr. Robertson is hardly fair, for, in the first place, "the projection backward of later ideas" which he complains of in his opponents is a process very distinctly and visibly carried on in his own interesting book. Further, there are many who accept honestly the right use of the higher criticism who regard as heartily as he does "the history of Israel as divinely guided and inspired in a sense altogether different from other ancient history." (§3. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

"THE WORLD'S BEST HYMNS," according to the taste and in the judgment of Louis K. Harlow, have been collected and illustrated in a beautiful volume bound in light blue and stamped with white lilies. The editor seems to have had a keen ear for the strains of the great men and women who have "prophesied with a harp," and an equally appreciative eye for the beautiful things in nature. With many of the hymns, there are printed on plate-paper, opposite to the poetry, very pleasing landscape studies and beautiful flowers, blooms and leaves, arranged with grace. It is hard to tell which is the most attractive—the good taste of the selections, the winning beauty of the pictures, or the excellent mechanical skill with which these have been executed. It would be difficult to find a volume in which the qualities necessary for a successful compilation have been more strikingly manifested. While every hymn-lover will not find his special favorite in this volume, it is more than probable that a majority of readers will agree with the author in his choice of those apples of gold which he has so beautifully arranged in this basket of silver. An appreciative introduction, in excellent English, has been furnished by the popular Professor of Oratorical Art at Andover, J. W. Churchill. (\$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

ANYTHING FROM THE PEN of the late Canon Liddon, whom so many intelligent Americans miss on going to London and looking into St. Paul's Cathedral, is sure of a reading by lovers of good English. Though dead, he yet speaks to those who love his clear thoughts and his earnest convictions, expressed in choicest diction. The editors of the volume before us are to be thanked for presenting his lectures on Buddhism, on the life of St. Paul, and on Dante. These "Essays and Addresses" number nine, and form a neat volume, printed and bound in the same style as his Sermons. In speaking of Buddha, while his researches do not show profound acquaintance with original authorities, yet he has evidently read thoroughly in translations and modern writers, and therefore gives a clear and luminous account of Gautama and the faith which he established. He also makes suggestive comparisons between the method of its propagation and that of Christianity and of Islam. Canon Liddon thinks that Buddhism supplies us with waymarks which may save us from many rude experiences, and points out the lesson that "to have a faith in the Unseen, clear, definite, strong, is to have the nerve of moral life; to be without such a faith, or to mistake for it some procession of shifting mists or the ever-changing views of a kaleidoscope, is in the end to forfeit moral life." In treating of St. Paul, he elaborates felicitously the preparation of the great man for his work, and then pictures him as a missionary, church ruler and martyr. No man more than St. Paul understood the power and fruitfulness of sacrifice as a means of advancing the cause, whether of truth or goodness. The students of Dante will be interested in having the comparison made by a master between Dante and Aquinas, and the influence of the Franciscans upon the great Tuscan singer. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

"NUGGETS FOR THOUGHT" is a title suggesting more than the contents furnish. The pamphlet contains thirty pages, and is by R. N. Merriam, A.M. (Worcester: G. G. Davis.)—"A MODERN CATECHISM," "for the use of those who are outgrowing their swaddling-clothes," is set forth by Ursula N. Gestefeld. It consists of questions and answers of very little intellectual importance, and set forth in diction that is frequently inelegant. The aim is to exalt altruism and oppose tradition and ecclesiasticism. To the question, "Where was our Saviour crucified?" the answer is given: "Where it is crucified now: in the 'place of the skull,' or the intellect." "The Altruist's Prayer," so-called, concludes the work; but there is no petition in the wretched parody of the Lord's Prayer, but only an abominable mess of philosophy and logical or illogical twaddle. We are anti-revisionists concerning fine literary models of any sort, despite their age, and hate interpolation and caricature. Original "altruism" well expressed, or any other decent and honest literary work, commands our respect; mere flippancy does not. (25 cts. Lovell, Gestefeld & Co.)—"THE LOVE OF

THE WORLD," by Mary Emily Case of Wells College, is the title of a dainty little volume for the still hour. Inspired by the beautiful old age of a dear friend, the book is neither theological nor argumentative. To the author, everything is religious which is not of sin. She writes suggestively of flowers, books—the works of God and man—the phases of human life and the forms and isms of religion. To her the essence of wickedness is not to give, to help, to serve, to do the painful right. To her one proof of the abiding popularity of the Bible is "that there is a great deal of the world in the Bible, and even something of the flesh and the devil, too." In other words, the Bible is like all other life on earth—divine and human. Without liking à Kempis, as she confesses, she does, by her wonderfully frank and womanly (or manly) book, a similar service to that of the monk of Zwolle. Honest thinking is always wholesome. (\$1. The Century Co.)

IN HANDSOME APPAREL appears another of the helpful little books of the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., who knows how to drop-wise hints to his young friends. The author writes not for the satisfied and the finished, but for those who want to grow better. He opens many a Gate Beautiful to his fellow-pilgrims. He is not too high to lend a hand just where and when it may be grasped, nor does he write down to his readers, rather bidding them rise to him. With prose, poetry, original nuggets of wisdom and coins of experience, he packs rich stores in small compass. "The Every-Day of Life" fitly tells by its title the story of this book. Its purpose is to nerve and inspirit for the common round and petty task which, day by day, make up the average life. The chapters are too short to be sermons, and the hearty chats too lively to suggest preachments, and the style is warm and chaste. (\$1. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—"THE FACE OF THE DEEP" is the alluring title of a most original, unique and interesting commentary on the Apocalypse. The author is Christina G. Rossetti. The matter is cast in devotional form, and there is very little of mere criticism or erudition in the work. It is full of engaging prose and much pleasing and original poetry. In short, it is the most readable commentary which has met the eyes of a veteran book-critic for a long time. The author tells us in her prefatory note that a dear saint "once pointed out to me Patience as our lesson in the Book of Revelations." Despite the fact that the very name of the book commented upon is stated (or quoted?) wrongly, the matter of the work is sweet, refreshing, stimulating and well fitted to make the strange "book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ" familiar and dear to Christians. Certainly it is a uniquely interesting commentary. The spirit of faith, love and prayer breathes on every page. (\$3. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

IN THE "Genesis and Growth of Religion" the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., of Toronto, examines critically the theories of Renan, Tiele, Herbert Spencer, Max Müller and others. He combats these, and maintains the old arguments. Subjectively, man has by nature a religious faculty, the sense of dependence on an invisible Power is universal, the laws of thought compel belief in an unconditioned Being, conscience constrains belief in a moral Power above man, etc. Objectively, there is a revelation from God, and religious beliefs are spontaneous, unversible, invincible and perduring. Neither the ghost-theory of Spencer nor the sense-perception theory of Müller can account for the genesis of religion. In the history of all antiquity there is no instance of any of the peoples, cultured or uncultured, gradually rising from the worship of nature, of fetiches, or of ancestors to that of the one living and true God. Against the modern evolutionary theories, Dr. Kellogg preaches the potency of sin as an omnipresent factor in the development of religion. All the various forms of religion except Monotheism are but illustrations of degeneration from the primitive faith based on man's knowledge of God as a Being—one and personal like himself. The eight lectures, now collected in this finely printed volume, were delivered at Princeton on the L. P. Stone foundation. There is no index. Our impression of the argument as stated is, that it is clear, but by no means convincing. The author appears to be stronger as a searching critic and eloquent dogmatist than as a judicial, scientific or constructive reasoner. Evidently a good deal more work is yet to be done in getting at the exact facts of primitive religion before the final verdict can be given. Dr. Kellogg's presentation of his contribution is strong, earnest and clear. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION of a series which has been years in making is surely worthy of note. Such a fact we chronicle when we note the appearance of the third and final volume of "The Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian"—viz., that on the New Testament. Vols. I and II, covering the Old Testament, were edited by Prof. J. P. Peters; Vol. III, is edited by the Rev. Prof. Dr. E. T. Bartlett, Dean of the P. E. Divinity School, Philadelphia. It contains almost the entire New Testament; but as it is no part of the scheme to take in either Testament as a whole, some of the so-

called minor epistles and nearly all the Apocalypse have been omitted. The text is a revision of the Authorized Version, very happy in many cases, but the divisions of chapter and verse have been obliterated, and the matter arranged under new rubrics—this is a feature which must have cost the editor much labor. The books are put in their chronological order, and quotations therein are printed in italics. The result is the production of a volume of great interest. It will certainly promote the reading of the New Testament, and this is most desirable. Christians should make the intimate acquaintance of the New Testament. The common method of printing it stands in the way of that knowledge. (\$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—AFTER THE TOMBS of Egypt have yielded much valuable and interesting material which illustrates and explains the sacred writings of the Hebrew nation, it is now become probable that the contents of the sepulchres in the Nile Valley are likely to enrich our knowledge of the text and significance of the Christian Scriptures also. The version of the "Apocryphal Gospel of Peter," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. (Boston: J. S. Smith & Co.), and "The Newly Recovered Gospel of Saint Peter with a Full Account," by J. Rendall Harris (James Pott & Co.), furnish a case to the point. Prof. Harris's translation shows the practised hand. This curious document belongs certainly to the middle of the second century. It is doctetic in doctrine and full of interesting bearings upon the canonical gospel narrative. The influence of Apocryphal literature upon the development of Christian doctrine was powerful and lasting, and furnishes a subject which promises important results.

JAMES GILMOUR of Mongolia was not a Mongolian, though for many years, while doing Christian missionary work, he wore the Chinese costume. He was a Scotchman of a noble type found in almost every country in the world. He was one of those men who could be a Jesuit, in the very best sense of that word; that is, he followed his Master, Jesus, wherever he was called to go. Turning his back upon home and friends, and the conveniences and delights of civilization, he accepted as his missionary field the steppes and prairies of Mongolia. In this great region northwest of China he made many pedestrian tours, preaching and teaching the Gospel of Christ, translating the Scriptures, teaching the children, and in every way trying to sow the Gospel seed. It cannot be said that his work was brilliantly successful in the way of numerous conversions or of sensational statistics, but his example is worth a good deal more than statistics and some kinds of so-called conversion. He was born in Cathkin, Scotland, in 1843, and died at Tientsin in 1891. His life has been written, and his letters edited and published by his old friend and classmate, Mr. Richard Lovett, whose facile and skilful pen has been at work in kindred fields; for, though the book does not state it, the work of the Rev. John Batchelor on the Ainu of Japan was arranged and put in order by the same skilful editor. The work has three portraits, two maps and several illustrations, and is a live missionary book. The story of Gilmour is as noble as that of McKay of Uganda. There are also appendices, giving valuable information about Chinese emigration and the Mongolian language, and the book is well indexed. (\$1.75. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

THE REV. CHARLES GORE, the Principal of Pusey House, Oxford, delivered last June in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph four lectures upon "The Mission of the Church." These he has published in a small volume. They are not particularly striking. The valuable part of the book is its appended notes, which contain helpful references for further study. One point of great practical importance is the plain setting-forth of the teaching of Jesus upon the subject of divorce as given by the Bishops at the Pan-Anglican Conference in 1888. This is, that the only ground for divorce which Jesus recognized is adultery, and that when a divorce has been obtained on that ground, it is only the innocent party who can remarry with His sanction. Christians are bound by this decision to the end of the age—civil courts and "society" to the contrary notwithstanding. (\$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—"THE LORD'S DAY and the Holy Eucharist" is the title given to a series of essays, by various authors, collected and prefaced by the Rev. Dr. Robert Linklater, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stroud Green, London. The writers are persons unknown on this side of the water. Two of them are noblemen; the rest are clergymen. They all belong to the extreme High Church party. To those who do not their papers are very extraordinary reading. Their thesis is, that the way to restore true worship is to have the daily celebration of the Eucharist. To them "the Real Presence of the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament" is unquestionable truth. They insist that daily celebrations will bring back the lapsed multitude. The experiment may be worth trying. The papers are well written, and the earnestness and the ability displayed are noteworthy. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Audubon's Story of His Youth

IN THE MARCH number of *Scribner's Magazine*, which is out to-day, and from which the portrait on this page is taken, will be found a most delightful bit of autobiography by John James Audubon, the naturalist. Miss Maria R. Audubon, who has edited these pages of the story of her grandfather's youth, says that they were found accidentally in an old calfskin-bound volume where for many years they had been hidden; and they have never before been published. Audubon wrote his autobiography for his children, just as that other famous naturalist, Darwin, wrote his, a part of which was quoted in these columns a short time ago. Both autobiographies are marked by the same frankness and simplicity of style.

Audubon begins with his birth, the precise date of which he says has always been an enigma to him. He only knows that his father had large properties in San Domingo, which he was in the habit of visiting; that he frequently visited Louisiana, then owned by the French, and that his mother, who died while he was an infant, was a Spanish woman. His father then went to France and married a Frenchwoman—"the only mother I have ever known," exclaims Audubon. The new wife was very good to her husband's son and, as he says, did everything she could to spoil him. John Audubon, the grandfather of the naturalist, was a fisherman by trade, who "appears to have made up for the want of wealth by the number of his children," twenty-one in all. When Audubon's father reached the ripe age of twelve, his father "presented him with a shirt, a dress of coarse material, a stick and his blessing, and urged him to go and seek means for his future support and sustenance." He chose a seafaring life; at twenty-five he owned several small crafts, all fishermen; and he ended his days as an Admiral in the French Navy.

"The school I went to," says Audubon, "was none of the best; my private teachers were the only means through which I acquired the least benefit. My father *** wished me to follow in his steps, or else to become an engineer. For this reason I studied drawing, geography, mathematics, fencing, etc., as well as music, for which I had considerable talent. I had a good fencing-master, and a first-rate teacher of the violin; mathematics was hard, dull work I thought; geography pleased me more. For my other studies, as well as for dancing, I was quite enthusiastic; and I well recollect how anxious I was then to become the commander of a corps of dragoons."

Notwithstanding that he was to follow another line of study, Audubon says:—"During all these years there existed within me a tendency to follow Nature in her walks. Perhaps not an hour of leisure was spent elsewhere than in woods and fields, and to examine either the eggs, nest, young, or parents of any species of birds constituted my delight. It was about this period that I commenced a series of drawings of the birds of France, which I continued until I had upward of two hundred drawings, all bad enough, my dear sons, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them."

At the age of seventeen he was sent to this, his native country, to look out for his father's interests in Pennsylvania. There he fell in love with Miss Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of a wealthy Englishman whose plantation adjoined his. The course of his true love ran far from smooth, and the story as he tells it seems almost too romantic to be true. We are happy to say that he succeeded

in marrying her in spite of the plottings of a wicked Frenchman.

Of his personal characteristics, Audubon says:—"I was extremely fond of music, dancing and drawing; in all I had been well instructed, and not an opportunity was lost to confirm my propensities in those accomplishments. I was, like most young men, filled with the love of amusement, and not a ball, a skating match, a house or riding party took place without me. Withal, and fortunately for me, I was not addicted to gambling; cards I disliked, and I had no other evil practices. I was, besides, temperate to an *intemperate* degree. I lived, until the day of my union with your mother, on milk, fruits and vegetables, with the addition of game and fish at times, but never had I swallowed a single glass of wine or spirits, until the day of my wedding. The result has been my uncommon, indeed iron, constitution."

It was not long before he began drawing and painting the birds of America, and although he was not, through the exigencies of business, allowed to devote himself exclusively to this favorite study, he managed to give a large part of his time to it with what result the world well knows.



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JOHN J. AUDUBON

(From a painting by his son, J. W. Audubon, about 1841.)

The Black Flag Defeated

ALL RIGHT-MINDED people, be they publishers or preachers, will rejoice in the vindication of good morals, as represented by *The Evening Post*, and the defeat of bad morals, as represented by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. Nearly two years ago *The Evening Post* charged the publishers in question with being "pirates," as they had, in trade parlance, "pirated" "The Encyclopædia Britannica." The suit just ended was based upon that charge. When the *Post* called Dr. Funk a "pirate," it did not mean that his belt bristled with firearms, that he wielded a cutlass and scudded the high seas in a black bark with a black flag at the mast-head. There is something picturesque about that sort of a pirate, but there is nothing picturesque about the Funk sort. Dr. Funk did not boldly fly the black flag at his mast-head, but he carried on practices that publishers with a clearer idea of *meum et tuum* regarded as no less shady than many of those that have made the name of Capt. Kidd infamous. He not only took what was not his, but he took

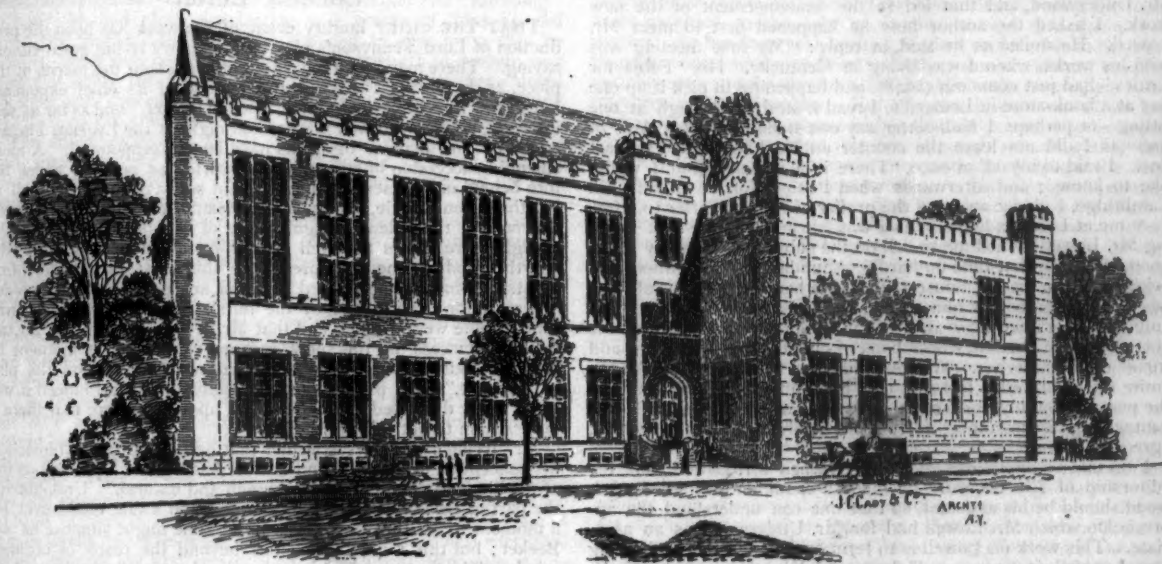
what clearly and unquestionably was another's. Not only were the British publisher and the British author wronged: they were used to that, and would have made no sign; but he took what by all the laws of equity belonged to an American publisher, who had paid good American money to get it. Dr. Funk thought to defend himself by saying that he was within the law. Well, so Jay Gould contrived to be; but one expects a Doctor of Divinity to have a keener moral sense than a professional railroad-wrecker. In this we differ from the Reverend Doctor himself, who when cross-examined by Mr. Choate said that it was no worse for a clergyman to steal than for any other man. We certainly think it is wrong for any man to steal, but we have an old-fashioned idea about the sacredness of the church: we like to feel that if a clergyman is tempted of the devil, he has stronger powers of resistance than the average layman, and our sense of the fitness of things is offended if he shows himself as weak as the unbeliever. What moral sense can men have who are taught the creed of Dr. Funk? And yet they have a right—or had—to ask his advice in matters of morality; for is he not a professed teacher of Bible truths? According to our idea, a clergyman should have the nicest appreciation of right and wrong.

He should look at all questions from a moral as well as a legal, point of view, and walk according to his clearer light. For this reason we do not relish the sight of the clergyman following ordinary commercial pursuits, particularly when he proclaims his religion from the housetops for the purposes of trade. "Business" is a very elastic word, and it can be made to cover a multitude of sins. A clergyman should have nothing to do with sins except to fight them.

It was a pitiable thing for Messrs. Charles A. Clapp, Charles Scribner, Charles E. Merrill and George Haven Putnam to have to testify in court to the unfavorable reputation of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls as publishers. More pitiable still was Dr. Funk's point of view. He could not understand that *The Evening Post* could be actuated by any but mean and mercenary motives in its charges against him. The Messrs. Scribner, whom he had wronged, were,

he said, the largest patrons of *The Evening Post* among the publishers. Dr. Funk had gone through the columns of the *Post* with his yard-stick, and had found more of their advertisements than of any other publisher's, and hence their animus! That any person or any paper could do a thing from a right motive he did not understand. If Dr. Funk had advertised ten times the amount of all the publishers put together, it would not have changed *The Evening Post's* attitude or action. There are people in this world whose motives are not influenced by dollars and cents, though it is hard to make men of Dr. Funk's sort believe it.

Dr. Funk asked for bread, and he got a stone: he sued for \$100,000 and he got nothing—nothing but ignominy. Let us hope that this case will be a warning to all who are tempted by gain to keep barely within the limits of the law. Taken even from Cervantes' worldly-minded point of view, morality is the best policy.



THE WADSWORTH ATHENÆUM, HARTFORD, CONN.

Culture's Home in Hartford

ATTENTION WAS called in these columns, seven weeks ago, to the dedication on Monday, Jan. 2, of the new Wadsworth Athenaeum at Hartford, Conn., of which we present herewith a picture from the designs of the architects, Messrs. J. C. Cady & Co. of this city. The smaller part of the building, constituting the wing at the right as one faces the drawing, was the germ of the new edifice, and Mr. Cady was fortunate in having so good a specimen of old-fashioned architecture to adapt his own plans to. Under the roof of the new building are now housed Hartford's Free Public Library, the collections of the Connecticut Historical Society, an art-school and a free-gallery of art. The reconstruction of the ancient edifice was made possible by the raising, by the Rev. Francis Goodwin, of a fund of \$406,235.22 for the purpose of uniting the city's various institutions of culture, and making accessible their varied stores of books, documents and works of art. Of the sum in question, \$250,000 has been reserved by the Trustees as a permanent endowment. The chief contributors to this fund were the late Junius S. Morgan, formerly of Hartford (\$100,000), his son J. Pierpont Morgan of New York (\$50,000), Mrs. Lucy Morgan Goodwin and J. J. and F. Goodwin of Hartford (\$50,000), Henry and Walter Keney (\$50,000) and Roland Mather (about \$35,000). There were thirty-one subscriptions of from \$1000 to \$4000 each, and the balance was contributed in smaller sums, varying from hundreds of dollars to dollars, dimes and cents, the whole population contributing in proportion to its means, so that almost every resident of Hartford feels a personal interest and sense of proprietorship in the handsome and substantial home in which the city's artistic, literary and historical treasures are at last adequately enshrined. We gave, at the time, the names of the speakers at the opening of the revived Athenaeum over whose fortunes the Rev. Mr. Goodwin presides. As Mr. Charles Dudley Warner expressed it, in his address on Jan. 2:—"We enter, this new year, upon a new era, here in Hartford, I think; an era of encouragement, certainly of new interests, and of new opportunities for that enlarged cultivation of the mind which, after all, is the only real daily enjoyment; and the only security against ennui and disgust of old age."

From the address of one of the other speakers, Mr. Charles Hopkins Clark, we extract a single paragraph, containing much in little:—

"In these elegant and spacious buildings the whole public of Hartford is welcome without money and without price. The circulating library will furnish every home with books; and Miss Hewins, who has devoted her life to this town, is always ready to help the younger readers. The Library of Reference, monument alike of Mr. Watkinson's liberality and Dr. Trumbull's rare judgment and life-long devoted service as a librarian, offers free to all students the authorities on every branch of knowledge. The Historical Society, with improved facilities, has been able to adopt a more liberal policy and is widening its claim upon public interest and so increasing its usefulness, and, thanks largely to the women of Hartford, the art-gallery and art-school are ready to spread their refining and wholesome influence all through this community."

Education in Montana

THE STATE TEACHERS' Association of Montana has issued an "Address to the Members of the Legislature and the Citizens of Montana" respecting the proposed university of that State. Certain local interests favor the establishment of several distinct institutions—a state university, a school of mines, an agricultural college and a state normal school, located in different parts of the State; while the teachers contend that they should all be consolidated into one. A large number of letters have been received by them from presidents of universities and other educators throughout the country, almost all of whom favor the plan of consolidation. In the circumstances in which Montana is now placed, we believe this view to be correct. The expense of one institution would be less than that of several, as a smaller number of officers and teachers would suffice; and there is also some benefit in a larger concourse of students, as furnishing a wider field of association and sympathy. In older and richer countries it is sometimes best to separate technical schools from the schools of literature and philosophy, lest former drag the latter down to their own utilitarian level; but in a poor and thinly settled State like Montana, the best results will doubtless be obtained by a concentration of energies.

Boston Letter

THERE IS A new book on Lowell coming out very soon. It is to be written by Hon. Francis H. Underwood, and will not be at all similar to his biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell published a number of years ago. Nor will it conflict with the work now being prepared by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. The latter, by the way, I understand, is to include simply the letters of Lowell, with sufficient editorial matter to give them connection, and is not to be an extended biography. Mr. Underwood's book, which Lee & Shepard are to issue in April, is to be called "The Poet and the Man; Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell." It will contain all the important events of his life, with estimates of his works, and many reminiscences.

In the course of a pleasant little chat with Mr. Lee and Mr. Underwood a day or two ago I alluded to the former biography by Mr. Underwood, and that led to the announcement of the new work. I asked the author how he happened first to meet Mr. Lowell. He smiled as he said, in reply: "My first meeting was with his works, when I was living in Kentucky. His 'Fable for Critics' had just come out (1848), and happening to pick it up one day at a book-store in Louisville, I read it straight through at one sitting—or perhaps I had better say one standing—*stans pede in uno*—as I did not leave the counter until I had reached the last line. I said to myself at once, 'There is a writer whom I would like to know'; and afterwards when I came North and settled in Cambridge, I gladly accepted the proffer of Robert Carter to introduce me at Lowell's home. As I was leaving after the first meeting Mr. Lowell invited me to call on the subsequent Sunday afternoon, and from that time on hardly a Sunday passed without my being a visitor at his house. Then we had the Whist Club, too, where I frequently saw him at his best, and of that club I may say only two others are now alive—John Holmes, the brother of the poet, and John Bartlett, whose book of quotations is the right-hand friend of every writer. Without claiming to be able to write the entire life of Lowell, I feel sure that I can understand the man and the poet thoroughly, for I certainly knew him under the most advantageous circumstances for such a study, and in a way most agreeable to me."

I am told by another gentleman that when Mr. Lowell took the editorship of *The Atlantic* he made a condition that Mr. Underwood should be his assistant, so that one can understand the appreciation which Mr. Lowell had for Mr. Underwood as an associate. This work on Lowell is to form one of a series embracing also Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Whittier, a series to be called A Northern Constellation. I presume they will not be long works, as I understand that this Lowell book is not extended, but will have an abundance of anecdote and personal description.

Another book which Mr. Underwood has just completed is the first volume in his "Builders of American Literature." This volume will give biographical and critical notes of American authors born previous to 1825. The second volume will take up authors whose birth dates after that year.

But all the conversation in Mr. Lee's pleasant office in the shadow of the Old South Meeting-House was not of a personal nature. Speaking of Lowell, Mr. Lee asked if I knew how many copies were sold of the first book written by that author. It was in 1841, he said, that the initial volume appeared, and after six months only forty copies had been taken by the public. Then Mr. Underwood, led by this anecdote, recalled Thoreau's description of the sale of his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," of which a thousand volumes were printed as a first edition and 700 were returned to the author, giving him a larger library at home than he had expected to have. Mr. Lee also referred to Prescott's early ventures. Prescott had previously paid for all the stereotype plates of his books, and when the "Conquest of Mexico" was ready, his publishers declined to be responsible for the manufacture of the books; so little confidence had they in the taste of the American public. Another anecdote will illustrate the position of literary men in Boston half a century ago. Dr. Holmes probably does not know it, but when his first book of poems was to be published (I think in 1836) the publisher, to whom the work was intrusted, went to all the booksellers in the city to secure subscriptions enough to indemnify him against loss. There did not appear to be any confidence on the part of publishers in the intrinsic value of an American work.

Harvard is to be the richer by two new buildings besides the proposed memorial "Bishop Brooks House." A new library reading-room, the largest in the world, and the gift of one person, is to be added to the present library. In the addition will be a long room seating some 400 people with additional spaces for department work. Headquarters for the professors will be constructed so that the students can there consult their teachers at certain hours, and the office of the Librarian and the delivery-room will be

transferred to the new hall. It is pleasant to note that the addition will be lighted, as Gore Hall is closed at sunset for fear of danger from fire if lights are used. North of the Divinity Library is to be built a new dormitory for the accommodation of students of limited means. The dormitory will cost \$150,000, but the name of the giver is unknown.

I understand that Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's version of "The Demi-Monde" is to be taken to California and there performed with Mrs. John Stetson, the wife of the manager who commissioned Miss Guiney to prepare the play, in the rôle of Mrs. Eastlake Chapel and with Mrs. Stetson's sister, Belle Stokes, in the rôle of Violet Esmond; Miss Isabel Evesson, formerly leading lady of the Boston Museum, will be cast as Mrs. Ernestine Echo.

BOSTON, Feb. 21, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

THAT THE CHIEF literary event of the week has been the production of Lord Tennyson's play by Mr. Henry Irving goes without saying. There may be a thousand opinions about the merits of the piece, as there are a thousand about those of its chief exponent; but at any rate, everyone wanted to see "Becket," and as far as seeing went, no one who was present last night at the Lyceum Theatre could by any manner of means have been disappointed. A more splendid succession of spectacles the world has perhaps never before beheld on any stage. The brilliant scene of the great hall at Northampton Castle, the poetical beauty of Fair Rosamond's Bower, and the solemn magnificence of the old cathedral in the twilight were scenes to dwell forever on the memory of all who had the good fortune to be present on this most notable of "first nights." That we appreciated from our hearts their exquisite finish and splendor was attested by the bursts of applause which from time to time were evoked, and that Mr. Irving has achieved an undoubted success in this new venture cannot for a moment be doubted; but I should prefer not to say what impression the play of "Becket," as a play, made upon some of us, and indeed it will be so freely discussed and commented upon elsewhere that there is no occasion to obtrude an opinion.

Mr. Irving's admirers consider that he has surpassed himself in his conception of his part, and that he has "given a portrait as full of nobility and grandeur as it is human and natural." Undoubtedly the part of Becket was made for Irving; and if one could ever for a moment forget that Irving was Irving, one might suppose he was Becket; but this requires an effort beyond the reach of ordinary minds. The first scowl of those familiar brows, the first rumble of that well-known voice, the first twitch of that spasmodic step, occasionally sets up such an irritation in the nervous system that it becomes literally impossible to see anything, hear anything, or recognize anything but Mr. Henry Irving. It is of no avail to point out to persons thus afflicted, that they behold an ideal Wolsey, or King Lear, or Thomas à Becket: they are deaf and blind to representation, and argument is wasted upon them.

Mr. Theodore Watts, through the pages of *The Athenæum*, informs us that a misconception which concerns Lord Tennyson's relations to the acting version of "Becket" is rather rife at present. He says "It does not seem to be generally known that this edition, prepared by Mr. Irving, was submitted to the poet, who himself made some corrections and added some new lines. Since then, however, Mr. Irving has still further condensed the play."

Lovers of Ruskin will be glad to hear that Mr. George Allen informs me he is about to include in the new edition of "Sesame and Lilies" a lecture on "The Mystery of Life" not before contained therein. This edition will be uniform with the American Brantwood edition, and it will also include the long preface as in the large edition. He also contemplates a half-crown issue of the old "Sesame and Lilies" edition, which may be followed by others later on in the year.

First editions of Ruskin were among the special features of Sotheby's sales on Monday, where an unusually large number of literary and artistic collectors had assembled. Among other noteworthy items were several drawings by Thackeray, and in particular his caricature of the well-known Mulready penny postage-stamp, which was accompanied by the proof impression of the scarce work it burlesqued. Several artists seem to have had a turn at this envelope from a comic point of view. Probably the most successful was that by John Leech, which I am told is even rarer now than the celebrated design it travestied.

Among the winter exhibitions the water-color drawings now being exhibited at the Old Bond Street galleries are well worth seeing. The Old Masters of the English school are strongly represented by Turner, David Cox, De Wint, Prout, Collier and William Hunt. Of Turner there are indeed but six specimens, but when I mention that these include his splendid "Heidelberg," his "Grenoble," and "Ingleborough" it will be seen that these belong to the time of his hap-

piest inspiration. Of David Cox there are twenty examples, the finest of which I believe is one broadly painted on rough sugar paper, and yclept "Lamb Bleating over the Death of a Ewe." One could linger long in front of such a masterpiece. The sign-posts which David Cox every now and then executed in lieu of payment at country inns where he had been staying, and which are to be found mainly in the picturesque regions of North Wales, remind me of a funny little anecdote of native talent displayed in this direction, which I heard in Lancashire the other day. A worthy who had the monopoly of painting the sign-posts in his neighborhood had but one idea, and as it turned out but one ability for all. A lion rampant was his sign manual. It chanced, however, that to one of these hostleries there came a new landlord, one not to the manner born, the best of whose days had been passed at sea, and who as a tender reminiscence desired to hang a ship in full sail over his hospitable door. In vain the painter argued and contended. A lion was much more suitable—much more attractive; a lion was "the thing" to have: he had given satisfaction with scores of lions up and down the countryside. Boniface declined to give in: a ship he wanted, and a ship he would have; until at length in despair, and fearful of losing the job altogether, the baffled artist threw down his tools and conceded the point with the testy rejoinder, "Well, well: I'll do you your ship—but it will be a deal liker a lion."

The spring exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society is fairly good; and we are promised the "Private View" of the Dudley Gallery on Saturday. There are pictures to be seen all the year round in London now-a-days.

Of magazines, *The Sketch*, *The Home Magazine* and *The Studio* are the three latest on the tapis. *The Sketch* only is out so far: it appeared last week, and is certainly rather a formidable affair (I can think of no other adjective to use). There is such a quantity of it. It will take a tremendous amount of work to keep it going, if there is to be always such a full stocking of events, illustrations, tales, and miscellaneous articles. Shy readers feel just a shade suspicious, and wonder whether it is not "too good to last." Unquestionably, however, *The Sketch* is on every table this week.

The Home Magazine which is to be on the lines of *The Strand* but more adapted for "home" reading—so I am told, though I should have thought *The Strand* might sufficiently have met that want, as the phrase is—is certainly fortunate in its promised contributors. They include many of the best names of the day, and the first number ought to be especially good. I have heard who are to form its band of writers, but I have only seen the contribution of one—namely, the little poem by "Edna Lyall"—her first ever published—almost her first ever penned. *The Home Magazine* is fortunate in having obtained it.

In musical circles all the talk is of Verdi's new opera, and the lucky ones are all off to Milan and doubtless enjoying the opening performance there, while I write. It was at any rate expected to come off this day, Tuesday, February 7th. For years past there has been a feeling of expectation, and a very general interest taken in "Falstaff," and I noticed that the enthusiasts who were starting last week for the scene of action were even more excited and demonstrative than musical enthusiasts usually are; but then I confess it was Villiers Stanford's set whom I was among, and one cannot always judge correctly from feeling the pulse of a single set. I know now, however, exactly in what columns to expect the highest tribute to the new opera, and that is something!

L. B. WALFORD.

Signora Duse in New Roles

DURING THE last three weeks Eleonora Duse has continued her wonderful impersonations—impersonations in the truest sense of that much misused word—in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but has contented herself during the greater part of the time with the renewal of former successes, appearing in only two new plays, Sardou's farce "Divorçons" and Dumas's glittering but wholly false and abominable comedy, "Francillon." Neither piece is worthy of her genius, but each of them afforded new and—if it is not too late now to use the word in connection with her acting—astonishing evidence of her versatility. That she can play the coquette with an archness, lightness and vivacity never equalled in these later days by any actress but Aimée, and with a seductive fascination beyond the reach of even that delightful Frenchwoman, was proved by her performance in "La Locandiera," but her powers in that direction were not revealed fully until she played the Cyprienne of Sardou, a character to which she lent a fresh significance by tempering its frivolity with just the infusion of romantic sentiment necessary to give it the semblance of reality. There is nothing in the piece that calls for the exertion of her finer powers, and she is far too great an artist to mar proportion by exaggeration; but her interpretation of the part was marked throughout by that nice sense of character which, more than anything else, perhaps, distinguishes her work

from that of other actresses. She made it plain by her treatment of her silly lover that her apparent preference for him had no more substantial foundation than a girlish whim, and even when discussing the preliminaries of divorce with her husband she contrived to indicate that she was really on the best of terms with him, while the uneasy jealousy which she displayed, as if unconsciously, after he had signified his perfect willingness to surrender her, instantly suggested the coming reconciliation. The scene in the restaurant could not have been played any better than it was by her and Signor Ando; and, indeed, the entire representation was as excellent an exhibition of the best light comedy acting as anybody could wish to see.

Of her performance of the heroine of Dumas's "Francillon" it is almost sufficient, perhaps, to say that she succeeded in making that morbid and unnatural play seem comparatively reasonable. The beauties of her performance must have been doubly appreciated by those spectators who had the misfortune of seeing the treatment awarded to the part by another actress at a down-town theatre. As has been said, nothing is more remarkable in her work than her complete comprehension of the value of different motives, and the exact proportion which she establishes between them in her interpretation of character. Her Francine is a woman whose love for her husband is passionate rather than deep, and who is essentially a creature of reckless impulse, although not altogether deaf to the promptings of true womanly instinct. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the impersonation as a whole was the extraordinary skill with which, in the first act, she depicted the effect of growing suspicion and deepening jealousy upon a woman of excitable temperament. The constant suggestion of strain beneath an assumption of forced gaiety was maintained with wonderful subtlety, effectiveness and truth. Her final appeal to her husband not to go out, or to take her with him, was full of tenderness, beauty and fascination, and the revulsion of feeling which followed upon her repulse was revealed in a few touches that can only be called masterly. Her delivery of the famous warning was extremely impressive, of course, and, in short, her work throughout the whole act was brilliant in the extreme. In the recital of her night's adventures, in the succeeding act, she roused the audience to enthusiasm by the vividness of her gesture, the infinite variety of pose and expression, and the passion, scorn and malicious humor with which she dwelt upon the alleged details of her degradation. The subject was atrocious, but the execution was superb. In the last act she had comparatively little to do, but this notice would be incomplete without reference to the striking effect which she made in her identification of the notary, and to her thoroughly artistic treatment of the closing episode of the play, where she is tricked into a declaration of her innocence. The words, which an ordinary actress would declaim with the full force of her lungs, she let slip as if by accident, and then burst into a flood of angry tears as she realized their purport. This stroke was a fitting close to a most artistic achievement. The support was of the most admirable kind throughout.

Theatre of Arts and Letters

AT THE THIRD performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, on February 16th, only one play was given—"Shadows," in four acts, by Mr. R. E. Farrelly. The curtain rose on a family group—a melancholy husband, Mr. Joseph Wheelock, who had evidently something amiss with his conscience or his digestion, a virtuous and somewhat elocutionary wife, Miss Adèle Belgarde, and two children, of whom the boy was much pleasanter than the usual stage infant. To them enter shortly a pair of young lovers, and the despondent husband gives his consent, as the girl's uncle and guardian, to their marriage, and then considerably leaves them alone. Just as they are going sleighing, the young lady sees a poor woman fall in the snowy street, and sends her lover to help the vagrant, who presently comes in with the tottering step and groping hands which seem to call for slow and tremulous music. She sinks down by the fire, and is clearly in a bad way; but who she is or what she comes for we have no idea. It is an axiom of the stage in countries where playwriting is an art, that the mind of an audience must be prepared to receive an impression, or else it will lose most of its effect. In the first act, for instance, of one of Dumas's or Sardou's pieces, nearly every word counts, either to explain what has happened before the action began, or to foreshadow what is to come, the consequence being that our interest is cumulative and the crisis finds us ready to respond to any emotion. But this digression to Dumas and Sardou is unkind to Mr. Farrelly. While we are wondering whether the tramp is a persecuted heroine or the accomplice of burglars, an opportune physician enters, in company with the depressed husband, who at sight of the sick woman gives a start and gasp of recognition, and we feel that he is going to have, as children say, "something to cry for."

When the time comes for doing away with what is known as "common law marriage" in this State, it will be a boon to the community at large, but a blow to reporters and playwrights, who now revel in the infinite variety of its complications. In the present case the melancholy husband has lived with the vagrant for two years of his youth, and then not only left her, but taken their child away, and afterwards married with all due form, but apparently without any certainty that his wife according to the common law was dead. His pleasant vice now returns as a scourge, and the curtain falls on the first act, which has been merely commonplace and wordy. The second is decidedly unpleasant, and we long to open a metaphorical window, and let in the fresh air of a little commonsense. The tramp, who is still in the house of the melancholy bigamist, has by her own confession sunk to the lowest depth, and is moreover a slave to morphia. In real life the doctor, who has the only sensible part in the piece, and who was well played by Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, would have rung for an ambulance, carted her off to a hospital or locked her up in a lunatic asylum; instead of which we have wife No. 2 quoting texts and insisting that she shall stay, while the young girl, who should not have been allowed to come near her, waits upon her as a nurse, and they exchange a quantity of somewhat maudlin sentiment.

After they have talked for some hours the girl goes out and the doctor comes in, and as the tramp is almost at the last gasp, he yields to her frantic entreaties and gives her an injection of morphia before our eyes. Now we do not go so far as to say that physical suffering and death should take place behind the scenes, but we do insist that they should not be forced upon us unless they are necessary to the play. When *Fédora* poisons herself we feel that it is retribution, and Marguerite's death just as Armand returns is a necessary and pathetic climax; but in such parts the actor who is also an artist will spare us the squalid details of the sick-room. If our interest can be quickened by the stab of a hypodermic syringe, how much more would our feelings be stirred by a real poultice, made or applied by a trained nurse in uniform? But we must acknowledge that the process of such realistic education is somewhat disgusting. "Shadows" was like history, for a good deal of it was dull, and it kept repeating itself constantly. The moral wife was always asserting that nothing would induce her to let her precious guest go, and the tramp wife was always groaning and hopping into one particular armchair, and the husband moaned and maundered until at last the truth came out, with the further pretty detail that the young girl was the bigamist's daughter by the tramp. Of course the agony piled higher and higher, as the husband prepared to go alone into exile, and the girl declared her intention of throwing over her lover in order to devote herself to her undesirable parent; but at the end of ends the latter died, in another armchair, and her victims and we were free. Miss Mary Shaw toiled hard over the unpleasant part of the vagrant, and Miss Ellen Burg was vivacious as the young girl; but had the actors possessed the genius of Salvini and Siddons they could not have put life into Mr. Farrelly's dummies. We are not of those who think that the organizers of the Theatre of Arts and Letters had any motive beyond raising the standard of the stage and giving new talent a chance to show itself, but thus far they cannot truthfully be said to have been entirely fortunate in either regard.

Mr. Plunket Greene

A VERY INTERESTING concert was that given on Feb. 17 at Music Hall for the purpose of introducing to New York lovers of music Mr. Plunket Greene, a young English basso who has been highly praised among his own people. He proved to be not a great singer, yet a most welcome one. Mr. Greene possesses a light bass voice, of the kind technically known as cantante. It is a pure and smooth voice, though it seemed at the first hearing to lack vibrancy and to be somewhat deficient in mellowness. Yet it is possible that the singer was a little under the weather and that his agreeable voice will be heard to better advantage in the future. Mr. Greene's art is admirable. His voice-production is most excellent; his phrasing is wholly commendable, and his entire work is backed by intelligence and refinement. He has a wide range of styles at his command, and his repertoire is, therefore, extensive and varied. He was assisted at his debut by M. Henri Marteau, the young violinist, Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra. M. Marteau distinguished himself, as heretofore, by the superb vigor and freedom of his style. His performance of the Mendelssohn concerto quite carried away the audience. In addition to conducting Mr. Damrosch played some piano accompaniments in a manner which delighted every person of real musical feeling.

At the dinner of the Harvard Club in this city on Tuesday, President Edward King made the gratifying announcement that the Club will soon have a home in a building of its own.

The Lounger

"EVVIVA!" EXCLAIMS a well-known New England poet of the gentler sex, apropos of *The Critic's* reappearance with illustrations after eleven years' sober abstinence from them—"Evviva to the dear old decent *Critic* coming forth of a sudden with a rose in his ear, as if he were about to make good a certain word of Mr. Stevenson's coining, and 'go a-sweet-hearting'! The sight of him puts me in a festive mood, every Monday, and makes me yearn to make a remark on this particular Monday, when I ought to be frying fish to order, to wit:—There was a minstrel named Moore, who writ in his youth, what he was pleased to call a Rondeau, to Rosa, which began,

Goodnight, Goodnight! and is it so?

Dr. Weir Mitchell's pretty lyric, reviewed on page 75 of the current issue [Feb. 11], is like it somewhat, though much better. Far more like it, and the sweetest of the three, is Mr. Aldrich's arch 'Parabras Carifiosas':—

Goodnight! and must I say Goodnight
To such a host of peerless things?

I know you like to trace family resemblances. These are three berries on a stem. Goodnight yourself!"

FROM AN APPRECIATIVE but critical reader of *The Critic* comes this amusing postscript to a letter of criticism and appreciation:—"An English friend has just written me a note, enclosing me a sporting story, asking me to forward it to some one of our magazines. It is rather a good story, by the way, but he ended his letter by saying that he hoped that his 'English spelling' would not be altered. The sentence before the one containing this hope had in it the word 'litterature'! I am holding myself down with both hands in the effort not to write and ask him if he would object to having this one word spelled in the American method, with only one *t*."

THERE IS A PROVINCIALISM that makes nightingales of the peeping chicks of one's own barnyard. There is another, equally dangerous, as it is certainly a more ungenerous provincialism, that sees nothing good in the contemporary art world; that is always throwing cold water on the fledglings, and home-birds generally. In the course of a witty editorial in the *New York Times* of Feb. 14, the writer says:—

The art of writing verse is at a low ebb in this country. There are few that have it in any degree—the art, that is, of writing verse that may be read with pleasure, that does not expressly offend good taste and good judgment; for as to verse of a loftier order, like some of Lowell's and much of Emerson's, there are none in this country that now produce it. Of books that are vile and vulgar, of picture papers that are gaudy and lubricious, we have, on the other hand, an outpouring abundance.

NOW BE IT NOTED that the question is not raised whether there are Lowells and Emersons now living,—but it is flatly said that while there are a few who have in some degree the art of writing verse that may be read with pleasure, and without offence, and while there are many who write prose books that are vile and vulgar, there are no writers whatever who produce lofty verse. If this were so, it would be a sad day indeed for the Republic. But is it so? Does the clever gentleman of the *Times* think that Mr. Stoddard is dead? or does he think there is nothing lofty in his Odes on "Abraham Lincoln" and "William Shakespeare"? And how about Mr. Stedman, and his Shelley ode in *The Atlantic*, the other day: was that an ignoble and unworthy treatment of a lofty theme? Is this writer unacquainted with Mr. Aldrich's vigorous and lofty ode on Wendell Phillips? Is he insensible to the accomplished art and elevated tone of Mr. Woodberry's "North Shore Watch" and "My Country"? And has he never read the noble and imaginative ode, "Hesperus," or the ringing verses on Grant, written by Charles de Kay, a fellow-worker on the same journal with himself? Better mistake one's chicks for singing-birds, than confound one's nightingales with barnyard fowl.

IF MR. STEAD can patent his discoveries in telepathy, the Associated Press may as well sell out its stock and the Atlantic cable will serve no better purpose than that of a clothes-line for mermaids. He tells Mr. Albert Dawson, who in turn tells it to the readers of *The Independent*, that by taking a pencil in his hand and simply calling upon them, he can communicate with friends who are hundreds or thousands of miles away. A pencil, a bit of paper and the necessary power, and the thing is done. The pencil and paper are easy enough to get; but, alas! no one but Mr. Stead seems to possess the power that is the most important item in the outfit. When Mr. Dawson remarked upon the "supreme advan-

tage" Mr. Stead would have over his brother editors, the latter admitted that it would be "simply incalculable"; but for the present "the system is in its experimental stages, and is not always to be relied upon." If Mr. Stead succeeds in establishing his bureaus of telepathy in all the important cities of the world, he will, I suppose, at once start the daily newspaper which he claims to have a divine command to print. *Stead's Morning Telepath* would unquestionably be a great success, not only on account of the exclusive news published in its columns, but because of its inexpensive equipment. The proprietor can snap his fingers at all press associations, and even at the Atlantic cable, for he will be his own press association and his own cable. He will also enjoy the distinction of being the first person to put supernatural powers to a practical use. Old-fashioned spirits were content to remove stove-pipes and tip tables, but your *fin de siècle* ghost is to be more profitably employed.

The National Observer, the weekly journal of politics and literature, of which Mr. John Douglas is the editor and Mr. W. E. Henley the bright particular star, is nothing if not witty. It would rather satirize or poke fun at a book than praise it; for to praise is amiable, and the *Observer* is trying to build up a reputation as a hard hitter, just as *The Saturday Review* did years ago. To be thought clever, nowadays, a critic must break everything his wheel touches, even though it be a butterfly. One of the butterflies that recently flitted across the *Observer's* path was a religious novel by a Mrs. Wallace, entitled "In the Service of Love." In it the author strove to prove that love was a surer guide to heaven than the doctrines of Calvin, in which she had been brought up. Her husband had wrought the change in her views, and to him she dedicated the book in these words:—"To my husband, whose sympathy has been my best stimulus and whose example in an early seeking after truth encouraged in me doubts about the old faith which have led to happier hopes in the more reasonable new, I lovingly dedicate this book."

THIS WAS TOO MUCH for the witty *Observer*, which in criticising the book wrote:—"Mrs. A. Wallace has a husband who has encouraged her in her doubts about the old faith, which in her opinion were the prelude to the happier hopes in the more reasonable new. She has accordingly written 'In the Service of Love,' and vindictively dedicated the same to that objectionable and foolish person." I don't know how Mrs. Wallace felt about this, but her husband didn't like it at all. He did not regard himself as an "objectionable and foolish person," and he at once invoked the power of the law to prove that he was neither. The law sustained him, and the editor of *The National Observer* had to pay 100*l.* and costs. I am anticipating a marked change in the tone of the *Observer's* reviews hereafter; for who would not restrain his biting wit if it cost him 100*l.* a bite?

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Veritas" writes to inform me that the "Cinderella Slipper" plan for increasing the circulation of a newspaper did not originate in the Chicago *Tribune* office, but in that of the New York *Recorder*, where it sprang from the "fertile brain" of Mr. George W. Turner. I hereby make the *amende honorable*, and put the shoe on the right foot.

I HOPE THE OLD City Hall will soon find a permanent home where the disused Reservoir now stands—in Fifth Avenue between 40th and 42d Streets,—and that the Tilden Library will find a local habitation within its classic and historic halls. It could be put to no better use—now that it has grown too small to answer its original purpose,—and it could find no fitter site than in Bryant Park. It is interesting, in this connection, to recall a fact that first found publicity in these columns—to wit, that the first gift of books to the Tilden Library came from the collection left by the poet in whose honor the Park was named.

I HAVE BEEN particularly interested in Mrs. Cabell's little book, for she has "Seen From the Saddle" what I saw from a phaeton and wrote about in this column early in the autumn—the beautiful region of the abandoned farms around New Hartford, Connecticut. I am glad that that lovely country has been honored with a book (even though it be a little one) in its praise, and I am more than glad to have the praise so delightfully sung. Mrs. Cabell gives one a realistic picture of the sylvan scene—of the Farmington River that "rippled and burned and gleamed in the sun," and of the road to Pleasant Valley running along it, "up hill and down dale," till it enters "a deep wood which was so high above the stream that one looked down it from a precipice, but a precipice whose steep sides were hidden with golden-rod and purple-topped iron-weed, and lady's-slipper springing up in the hollows." She does not, however, mention one of the great attractions of this road—a lovely spring that runs out from the piny hillside and fills the bowl of a moss-covered rock; and yet

I will venture to say that her horse stopped there, as every horse does, to bury his nose in the clear, cool water and drink in refreshment and content. It is a wise woman who carries a cup when she rides or drives along those wooded roads, for she is sure to come upon a spring of the sweetest and purest water. I hope that Mrs. Cabell will soon mount her horse again and give us more of the New England landscape as seen from her cultivated saddle.

The Fine Arts

The Loan Exhibition at the Fine Arts Building

(SECOND NOTICE)

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that there is no important picture by Corot in the exhibition; but among the several small examples some are unusually interesting. The beautiful pale blue sky with light, feathery clouds in "The Fisherman," No. 58; the water, foliage and rising clouds of the "Moulin d'Eragny," a mill-stream with trees and houses lining its banks; and the grouping of the trees in the "Dance of Nymphs," No. 109, would of themselves be sufficient to make known Corot's chief merits. It may be late in the day to refer to them; but it can do no harm to compare the true impressionism of Corot in the "Moulin" with the happy-go-lucky manner of Constable in the not very dissimilar "Landscape," No. 1, in the gallery of old masters; and the elegance of the composition, the tenderness of the atmosphere in the other two pictures with the somewhat theatrical richness of line, the hard and cold light of Turner's "Mercury and Argus." Between the "Market Cart" of Gainsborough and the "Weymouth Bay" of Constable on the one hand and the pictures by Diaz and Rousseau on the other there is less to choose; but whether for sentiment or for truth of general effect, our choice would be the more modern pictures. In still-life painting, it is instructive to compare the breadth of Vollon's treatment in his "Flowers and Fruit" and his "Corner of a Kitchen" with the treatment of the accessories in Metsu's "Music-Lesson." Vollon's bold handling, though often regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of realism, is, on the contrary, a sort of idealization. In fact, the great seventeenth-century realists have left nothing for moderns to do in that way, except in landscape.

Bearing in mind his self-imposed limitations, Monet, in his happier efforts, may be called the Rembrandt of landscape. There is no sky in the collection, not even any of Corot's, to be compared for depth and warmth with that of his "Field of Poppies," no sunshine like that of his "Antibes," no twilight like that of his "Haystack." Take away the literary element from Bastien-Lepage's "Early Morning"—the evidence of a hard and simple mode of life in the long row of huts with the light in one of the windows, and the idyl going on in the still dusky street—and suppress the arch of cloud, slate-color and rose, that spans the distant roofs, and one will have to make a greater allowance for the shortcoming of Bastien's work than for the omission of details in Monet's. Bastien, in short, has depended mainly on suggestion; Monet depends wholly on what he can represent for his effect. The latter's mode of working, it is true, leaves him peculiarly at the mercy of the arrangements for lighting. Even in this gallery, by far the best-lit in New York, his pictures have to be seen at their hours.

We had intended to mention more of the modern paintings, but we must save some space for the other exhibits. That important branch of industrial art comprehended under the designation of "ceramics" is represented by Greek vases of beautiful form and characteristic decoration; by Chinese porcelains, blue and white, "decorated," and "single colors," not forgetting a case-full of curious examples of what Jacquemart calls the "famille verte," green predominating in their very fanciful decoration; and, in the large gallery, there are some excellent pieces of Persian and Hispano-Moresque lusted faience. At the opposite end of this gallery a fine collection of Barye bronzes surrounds Mr. French's plaster model for his colossal statue of the Republic at the World's Fair. And in the same room with the Greek vases and terra-cottas are two antique bronzes; one of which, a statuette of "Eros," bears the suggestive inscription:—"On this figure, 2000 years old, the United States imposed over \$450 duty in order to protect American manufactures."

In this room there is, furthermore, a remarkable collection of brilliantly iridescent antique glass; and in the small room opposite, along with the porcelains, are some good pieces of old cloisonné enamel and a case-full of small carvings in agate, jade, cornelian and crystal. Japanese art is represented in the Vanderbilt Gallery (the large hall) by lacquers, swords and sword-mounts, and enamelled incense-burners. The skill of European armorers is shown in two cases of ancient swords. There is a large and very interesting collection of old silverware; and a collection of fans, French and Spanish, which to the better half of the visitors will, doubtless, be the first as well as the last things to be looked at.

Paintings at the Lenox Library

THE RE-ARRANGEMENT of the pictures of the Lenox collection at the Lenox Library has been done with excellent judgment, and the best are now well hung in a good light which brings out all their beauties. The two Turners, "Fingal's Cave" and "Scene on the French Coast," are very much better examples of the master than the "Mercury and Argus" at the Loan Exhibition, and are perfectly well preserved, unless, indeed, some fugacious tint may have vanished from the white clouds in the centre of the latter composition, which seem not in keeping with the rest of the picture. Both are of Turner's best period (about 1831), and are splendidly audacious dreams of rain and mist and black, swollen seas in the one picture, and wet, shining sands and advancing storm-clouds, dyed by sunset, in the other. There is nothing of the cockney "elegance" that mars so many of Turner's works, and, though full of incident, they do not appear crowded. Of the three Reynoldses, one, a study of a boy reading, preserves the glazes on which the painter depended so much not only for color but for modelling. The other two, "Kitty Fisher" and "Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia," are even more faded than usual. The small Constable, a variant of "The Valley Farm" in the British National Gallery, can be seen to advantage, and the two Morlands, the small studies by Wilkie, and the big Munkacsy, "Milton Dictating to his Daughters," are well placed. Gilbert Stuart's "Washington," and two charming portraits of ladies unknown, or, at any rate, unnamed, face the visitor as he enters.

The Stuart collection, which occupies another gallery, is largely composed of paintings of very slight merit. A Corot, two Munkacsys, a small Meissonier (water-color) and some passable examples of Clays, Diaz (a figure-piece), Frère, Gérôme, Troyon and Vibert are to be noticed; but the principal merit of the collection is that it includes many examples of our older painters, some of them intrinsically valuable, some interesting historically. Church's "Cayambe" is one of his best paintings; Eastman Johnson has seldom surpassed his "Old Kentucky Home"; and there are excellent examples of those almost forgotten American *genre* painters, Edwin White and William Sidney Mount, who certainly do not deserve to be let fall into oblivion. J. F. Kensett, Regis Gignoux, Thomas Cole, W. L. Sonntag, W. Whittredge, and others of the old Hudson River school are fairly well represented. The library and picture-galleries will be open to the public hereafter, every week-day, without the formality of procuring tickets of admission.

Faithorne's Works at the Grolier Club

THE EXHIBITION of portraits and other works engraved by William Faithorne will remain open at the Grolier Club until March 4. Faithorne as an engraver is peculiarly interesting to collectors, as he has two very distinctly marked manners. In one he uses an open line like that of the early copper-engravers; in the other the line almost disappears as in the work of the great French engravers, his contemporaries. He has produced some very good works and some curiously bad ones in both manners. But to most people his subjects are of more interest than his art. Though a Royalist, he was compelled, for a while, to work for the victorious Roundheads, and his portraits of Cromwell and Fairfax are among his most interesting works. Other celebrated people of whom he engraved the "effigies" are Milton, Charles II., William of Orange, Prince Rupert, Abraham Cowley (a bust, the head treated like flesh and the drapery like marble), Sir William Davenant (with pug nose, full-bottomed wig and laurel crown), Valentine Greatrakes, Thomas Killigrew, John Quarles, Cardinal Richelieu, and Martin Luther. Besides the portraits, there are many frontispieces and other illustrations of books, most of them more curious than beautiful.

Art Notes

THE PARK COMMISSIONERS, on Feb. 15, appointed Messrs. Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Q. A. Ward and Daniel C. French a committee to investigate and report upon the character of all the statuary in the public parks of New York City except their own. This step, taken upon the initiative of Mr. Gray, is a most important and hopeful one. With few exceptions, the statues in our public parks are the laughing-stock of artists and connoisseurs, if not of the general public.

—The Trustees of the Museum of Natural History have procured from Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, the architect, a plan for an addition to the Museum building to be used chiefly as a lecture-hall. The lectures at the Museum have been so well attended that more room is needed to accommodate the audiences they draw; and the designs which Mr. Cady has prepared provide for an edifice of moderate but sufficient size and artistically superior, though architecturally in keeping with, the main building which it is to adjoin. But all plans for the Museum have to be approved by the Park Commissioners; and the President of the Board (Mr. Paul Dana) is doing everything

in his power to prevent their acceptance of the designs for the proposed addition. The probabilities are, however, that his effort to embarrass the Trustees and defeat their excellent intentions will fail as it deserves to do, and that the needed wing will soon be built.

—The old frigate *Constellation* was towed to the Lehigh Valley Railroad pier on Tuesday morning to land the World's Fair exhibits brought from Italy and France. The Vatican exhibit includes a large quantity of statuary and paintings, chiefly the work of American artists now in Italy, and the French exhibits include plaster-casts of the statuary in the Trocadero, works of French artists and exhibits from the French colonies. The *Constellation* is in fair condition considering her age and long service. She was launched at Baltimore, Dec. 7, 1797.

—President Thos. E. Jevons of the International Art Association has secured the release of the 10,766 Doré engravings recently seized by the Collector of the Port for alleged undervaluation. He furnished bonds to the amount of \$20,998.58. The engravings are in the Doré rooms in the Carnegie Music Hall.

—John Pettie, R.A., who died in London on Tuesday, at the age of fifty-four, exhibited his first picture in Edinburgh when he was but twenty. Among his best-known works were "Juliet and Friar Laurence," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Jacobites, 1745," and "The Visit of the Necromancer." At the American Centennial Exposition he exhibited several figure-pieces and a portrait of Mr. George H. Boughton.

—Miss Honor Brooke, in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, gives us a glimpse of Burne-Jones at work. She says that there is not a day of his life in which he does not make some small picture in pencil as a study. His pictures are never painted in a hurry; they often hang for years on the walls of his studio, looked at, thought over, but never touched unless he feels drawn towards working at them; but his art is his life; he lives in and through his pictures. "The only picture I heard that he complained of weariness in doing was one called 'The Golden Stairs,' and this had to be finished for exhibition. He said, 'I am so tired of those girls.'"

—Mr. Alexander Black will give an illustrated lecture on "Photography in its Relations to Art" before the members and pupils of the National Academy of Design on Wednesday next.

—A pretty "Zingarella," painted by Mr. Luke Fildes, has been engraved in photogravure as frontispiece for the *March Magazine of Art*, in which Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Poynter and other well-known artists offer some suggestions for a new fine-arts copyright act. Mr. Walter Crane writes on "Design," with illustrations supplied by himself, and Mr. Edwin Bale, R.L., criticises Mr. Timothy Cole's engravings, taking the latter's unfortunate admission that he tries to "dis-individualize" his work and his hardly more fortunate, though more successful, attempts to "dis-individualize" his art, as points of attack. Mr. Bale, however, admits that Mr. Cole is an artistic engraver in spite of his principles. Prince Karageorgevitch writes up M. Dagnan-Bouveret, of whose works there are several illustrations. Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes on "Current Art," and Mr. Swinburne furnishes a "Carol" of "wan February with neeping cheer," framed in an allegorical setting by W. E. F. Britten.

Notes

THE GROLIER CLUB has had a bronze medallion of Nathaniel Hawthorne, seven inches in diameter, made by Ringel d' Illzach, copies of which are intended for members of the Club only; and even members will not be allowed two copies each, as they are of the Club's publications. Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the daughter and son of the novelist, will each be presented with a copy of the medallion; and there will be three copies made in silvered bronze, one for the Club and two to be auctioned off to the members.

—"The City of Brooklyn," which is popularly regarded as the "dormitory of New York," will be the subject of a descriptive article by Julian Ralph in the April *Harper's Monthly*. The same number will contain a poem by James Russell Lowell called "An April Birthday at Sea," which is said to be the best of the poet's posthumous verses. It will be illustrated by Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

—At the Brooklyn Institute, where Mr. Curtis lectured last year on Mr. Lowell, who, had he lived, was himself to have spoken on that day (Washington's birthday and his own) of some eminent American, the Rev. John W. Chadwick delivered an eloquent address last Wednesday (Feb. 22) on George William Curtis.

—All lovers of pretty books will be glad to know that J. M. Dent & Co. have just concluded arrangements with Smith, Elder & Co. for acquiring rights to issue a complete edition of the novels of the sisters Brontë, similar in style to their previous issue of Jane Austen.

The set will make twelve volumes, and the first two, containing "Jane Eyre," are expected in March, other two volumes following each month. A series of thirty-six drawings is being made by Mr. H. S. Greig, which will be reproduced in photogravure, besides which there will be specially designed title-page and ornaments by Mr. F. C. Tilney, and portraits of the authors. The same firm are about to publish in similar style an edition of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling." Macmillan & Co. will be the publishers of these books in this country.

—The *Westminster Gazette* is authority for the statement that Mr. W. W. Astor, and not Mr. Cust, is the owner of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

—M. Francisque Sarcey of the *Temps*, the leading dramatic critic of his time, has written an autobiographical volume of which the Messrs. Scribner will publish in March a translation entitled "Recollections of Middle Life." The work is bound to be witty and entertaining. It will contain a portrait of the author.

—Among the spring announcements of Charles Scribner's Sons are "Wagner and His Works," by Henry T. Finck, in two volumes, with portraits; "Art for Art's Sake," by John C. Van Dyke, with twenty-four illustrations; "Art Out of Doors: A Book of Hints," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "How to Know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. William Starr Dana, with 100 illustrations by Marion Satterlee; and "Homes in Town and Country," by Russell Sturgis, the late John W. Root of Chicago, Bruce Price, Donald G. Mitchell, Samuel Parsons, Jr., and W. A. Linn. One hundred illustrations will enliven the pages of the last-named book.

—The Messrs. Harper will publish in March a volume made from Mr. Horatio Bridges's recollections of Hawthorne, which originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. New portraits will add a special interest to the book.

—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lang, the London *Literary World* tells us, are evidently doing the best that they can to make up in St. Andrews for the lack of city amusements. "Mrs. Lang has got to the hearts of the students by undertaking the management of their dramatic society; and Mr. Lang himself is making free of his wit and his wisdom all round. The other evening he lectured to the Royal Highlanders on 'Early Days in St. Andrews,' remarking at the outset that he had been in love with the little gray town since he first looked on it as a lad of seventeen."

—The *Evening Post* understands that the authoress of the sketches that have appeared in its columns under the title of "My Doorstep Baby" is preparing to publish them in book-form.

—Mr. Thos. Whittaker will issue immediately, in pamphlet form, a verbatim report of the Addresses delivered at the Bishop Brooks Memorial meeting held in Music Hall last week. In a sermon preached in St. Paul's Church, Dedham, on Septuagesima Sunday, just printed in pamphlet form, the Rev. Dr. Reginald H. Starr, referring to the death of Phillips Brooks, pleads that the Bishop of Massachusetts be not required to visit every parish in his diocese every year; or, if annual visitations are imperative, that the diocese be divided, or a coadjutor bishopric created. "The killing of two bishops by overwork," he declares, "is certainly a loud call to the Church to stop and think and act."

—Additional interest will be lent to Mr. Joseph Jefferson's "Dis-course on the Drama" at the Carnegie Music Hall on Wednesday evening, March 1, by the fact that Mr. Carl Schurz will introduce the speaker. The lecture and reading are given by Mr. Jefferson at the request of Mrs. Cleveland; and the Kindergarten Association, of which she is the First Vice-President, will be the beneficiary.

—The pupils of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts gave the first American performance of Maurice Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse" at the Berkeley Lyceum on Tuesday evening. The play—if play it may be called—followed selections from "The Electra," "The Seven Against Thebes" and "Antigone"; and during the half-hour that it kept the boards, it held the audience spellbound. "The Intruder" is one of the pieces that led a clever and impulsive Frenchman to term its author "the Belgian Shakespeare."

—The Theatre of Arts and Letters is going to give a historical series of plays during the spring and in the early fall. This will consist of old plays, the first in their several countries. The inaugural drama will be the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, adapted for latter-day audiences by Mr. George P. Lathrop; the next will be "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, the first English play, adapted by Mr. Brander Matthews; and the third will be the first American play, "The Contrast," a comedy in five acts, by Royall Tyler, which will be adapted for present needs by Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

—Dr. Abram S. Isaacs, Professor of German and Hebrew at the University of the City of New York and editor of *The Jewish Messenger*, will publish this spring, through Chas. L. Webster & Co.,

"Stories from the Rabbis," a collection of tales retold from the Talmud and Midrash. A number of modern legends are to be found in an older guise in these writings, and some of them are included. Dr. Isaacs has aimed to present the Rabbis in a more genial and entertaining mood than is usually assigned them. The volume is intended for both popular and educational purposes.

—Referring to Bourget's "Cosmopolis," Tait, Sons & Co. write to the *Tribune*:—"In consequence of our request to Messrs. Charles H. Sergel & Co. that they should remove the words 'authorized edition' from their issues of this book, they write to us to the effect 'that any subsequent editions we may issue of this book will be published without the words "authorized edition." Further than this, we will not publish for the present any editions in cloth, thus giving you sole market for that binding.' * * * There is quite a little principle involved in this matter—*vis.*, a wish to recognize the right of foreign publishers, even where they have not protected themselves by the copyright facilities which now exist. As a matter of fact, we agreed to pay the precise sum which the Paris publisher asks us for the authorized edition. Such a recognition of his rights as the foreigner is unable to insist upon, we think, tends to help the publishing business, and to neutralize to some extent the reputation it has gained in certain cases for ruthless piracy."

—A course of ten lectures on Music, to be given by Mr. George William Warren, Professor of Music in Columbia College, in room 11, Library Building, on successive Tuesdays, at 4 o'clock, was begun on Tuesday, Feb. 21.

—Courses of readings by Messrs. Marion Crawford (alone) and Hopkinson Smith and Nelson Page (together), musicals by M. Henri Marteau, and lectures on "Darkest London" by Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott have been arranged to take the place at Daly's Theatre this month and next of the illustrated lectures by Prof. Stoddard given last year and to be given again in 1894. Major J. P. Pond has the management of affairs.

—Ibsen has been caught by the wily interviewer, and induced to express certain opinions. To the question whether the new school of young dramatists had his approval, he replied with a lively "Yes"; adding that he took no little pride in thinking that he himself had been the source of their inspiration. "Let them, however," he continued, "guard against over-haste; and, above everything, let them not yield to pride." Of Zola he has a high, although not unqualified, opinion. "He is Socialist and Collectivist; I am Anarchist and Individualist. The difference is radical, and based upon opposing systems of philosophy. For the rest, despite such divergences, I have for that author the admiration which he deserves." As regards his mode of utterance, Ibsen speaks: "with a small, sinuous and pleasant voice, seldom rising above the level of ordinary conversation, but emphasizing certain words in such wise as to give them the fullest point and significance."

—Saint-Saens, the eminent French composer, who writes of Liszt in the current *Century*, is to visit Chicago for the Fair next summer, stopping *en route* in New York. In the March *Century*, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel will write of Saint-Saens.

—Mr. John S. Kennedy has received as yet no formal report upon the Scottish manuscripts which he gave to the Lenox Library some time ago, but has since sent to the British Museum for examination. He has been advised, however, that they are all spurious, with one exception. The party from whom his agent purchased them will not admit that the documents are bogus, so the matter is still undergoing investigation.

—It is said that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain "was a dramatic author before politics swept him up"—that he not only wrote plays, but acted in them. It was trade that enriched him, however, and not the art of either the playwright or the player.

—Says *The Athenæum*:—"The clever novel called 'An Exquisite Fool,' which appeared some little time ago and attracted general attention owing to the writer's graceful English and refinement of tone, turns out to be by Miss Poynter, the well-known author of 'My Little Lady' and several other pleasant works of fiction. The publishers thought so highly of it that they resolved on the experiment of issuing it anonymously—an experiment to which Miss Poynter reluctantly consented."

—The *Westminster Gazette* is trying the experiment of publishing a novel serially in its columns. Justin McCarthy, M.P., is the author Mr. Cook is experimenting with. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., introduces his colleague to the *Gazette's* readers. He tells us that Mr. McCarthy's "happiest hours are those which he spends at his Remington type-writer, especially if the work he is engaged in be fiction." He knows four or five languages and can read Greek as fluently as Mr. Gladstone himself. He is a fastidious writer and likes time, though he is capable of writing swiftly and well under pressure.

—In an interesting letter from Italy to the London *Literary World*, Miss G. S. Godkin says of Carducci that he is Professor of Greek in the University of Bologna, and "from that venerable seat of learning and classic republicanism, he hurls contempt upon the modern world. He is an ancient Roman who hates modern institutions, thrones, churches and altars; and he even went so far as to write a hymn to Satan."

—Mme. Juliette Adam will give the readers of the March number of *The North American Review* some interesting "Recollections of George Sand." "The Convent Life of George Sand" has just been published by Roberts Bros.

—Charles L. Webster & Co. will shortly publish a new novel by Miss Matt Crim, under the title of "Elizabeth: Christian Scientist." It deals with the career of a young Georgia girl, who leaves her home in the mountains, and starts out to perform her share in converting the world to Christian Science. The book is written from the standpoint of a believer in these theories, and purports to shed new light on various misapprehensions.

—Prof. Josiah Royce, who has been suspected of the authorship of "Calmire," has written a letter to the Boston *Budget* denying the rumor. "I am grateful for the kindness that can attribute to me so notable a production," he declares; "but as a fact I am not the author of 'Calmire,' and do not wish even for a moment to be thought of as such."

—At the annual meeting of the Goolier Club, held on Feb. 15, Mr. Beverly Chew presiding, the report of the Treasurer showed that the Club's assets were \$81,407.18, an increase in the year 1892 of \$7781.32. The estimated value of the books in the library is \$9703.40, and the value of the house furnishings nearly \$5000. The Club has reached its full limit of resident membership (250), and has on its list ninety-two non-resident members. In the last year the mortgage indebtedness has been reduced \$3000; and 663 volumes have been added to the library, which now contains 2102 volumes, almost exclusively works on bibliography and kindred subjects.

—*Biblia* for February has as its frontispiece a portrait, and as its leading article a biographical sketch, by the editor, of the Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow of Boston, Hon. Secretary of the Egypt Exploration Fund, whose zealous labors in the cause of Biblical learning clearly entitled him to such a compliment.

—During the year 1892, 6403 volumes were added to the collections in the Astor Library, making the total number 245,349. The most notable additions were mathematical works suggested by Prof. Charles S. Peirce.

—Mlle. Josephine Félicité Augustine Brohan, one of the famous actresses of the Brohan family, who died last week after a quarter of a century's retirement from the Français, was an author as well as a player. She was sixty-eight years old. Her husband, M. Gheest, was formerly Belgian Minister to France.

—Miss Jane Meade Welch is giving a series of six lectures at the Berkeley Lyceum on "The Primitive Americans."

—The most important article in the forthcoming *Century* is an account, hitherto unpublished, of Napoleon's deportation to Elba, from the MS. of Capt. Thomas Usher, commander of the ship in which the voyage was made.

—At a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, at Sherry's, on Feb. 16, the subject discussed was "The Higher Education of Women," the speakers being Miss Mary A. Jordan of Smith College; Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago; and Miss Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The reception committee consisted of Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. Dudley Field, Miss Amy Townsend, Mrs. Henry A. Oakley and Mrs. C. Murray.

—Important articles on the Hawaiian question have been written for the March *North American Review* by Lorrin A. Thurston, ex-Prime Minister of Hawaii and Chairman of the Hawaiian Annexation Commission, who points out the "Advantages of Annexation," and by George Ticknor Curtis, who considers the constitutional aspect of the case.

—The National Association of Newspaper Publishers closed its meeting at the Hotel Imperial with a banquet on Feb. 17. The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year:—President, J. W. Scott, Chicago *Herald*; Vice-President, Col. E. H. Woods, Boston *Herald*; Secretary, William Cullen Bryant, Brooklyn *Daily Times*; Treasurer, J. S. Seymour, New York *Evening Post*; Executive Committee, S. H. Kauffman, Washington *Star*; Frederick Driscoll, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*; J. A. Butler,

Buffalo *News*; C. W. Knapp, St. Louis *Republic*, and Milton A. McRae, Cincinnati *Post*.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians," by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, translated by Z. A. Ragozin (Part I, "The Country and Its Inhabitants"); "Napoleon, Warrior and Ruler, and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France," by W. O'Connor Morris, in the Heroes of the Nations Series; "The Story of Poland," by W. R. Morfill, in the Story of the Nations Series; "Outlines of Roman History," by Prof. Henry F. Pelham of Oxford; "Venice: An Historical Sketch of the Republic," by Horatio F. Brown; "Studies of Travel in Greece and Italy," by Edward A. Freeman; a selection from "The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits," by William Hazlitt, edited, with introduction, by Reginald Brimley Johnson, in the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series; the second group of the "Ariel Shakespeare," comprising the historical plays; "Marked 'Personal,'" by Anna Katharine Green; "A Conflict of Evidence," by R. Ottolengui; "A Literary Courtship," by Anna Fuller; "Voodoo Tales, Told by the 'Aunties,'" by Mary A. Owen, with preface by Chas. G. Leland, and illustrations by Juliette A. Owen and Louis Wain; "A Washington Symphony," by Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler; "The Meaning and the Method of Life," by George M. Gould, M.D.; "The Making of a Newspaper," by Melville Phillips; "Ruminations," by Albert Mathews; "The Silver Situation in the United States," by Prof. F. W. Taussig, in the Questions of the Day Series; "The Philosophy of Individuality; or, The One and the Many," by Antoinette Brown Blackwell; "The Genesis of Art Form," by Prof. George L. Raymond; "The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations," by Orello Cone, D.D.; "Dogmatic Christianity," a discussion between an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church and the Hon. William Dearing Harden; "The Origin and Growth of the Bible, and Its Place among the Sacred Books of the World," by Jabez Thomas Sunderland; "Vertebrate Embryology," by Prof. A. Milnes Marshall, M.D., and C. H. Hurst; "A Junior Course in Practical Zoölogy," by Prof. A. Milnes Marshall, M.D., and C. H. Hurst.

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Argyll, Duke of. Unseen Foundations of Society. \$5. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Bates, A. In the Bundle of Time. \$1. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Biographies of Eminent Persons. Vol. II. 1876-1881. \$1.25. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Bourget, P. Cosmopolis. \$1.50. | Tait, Sons & Co. |
| Bolles, F. At the North of Bearcamp Water. \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| De Bays, J. Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons. Tr. by T. B. Harbottle. \$7. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Dix, M. The Sacramental System. \$1.50. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Do the Dead Return? | London: T. F. Unwin. |
| Edwards, M. B. A North Country Comedy. 50c. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Elterlein, E. von. Beethoven's Symphonies Explained. Tr. by F. Weber. \$1.50. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Farrier, S. E. Marriage. 2 vols. \$2.50. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Fisher, G. P. Manual of Natural Theology. 75c. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Gambrell, T. C. History of Early Maryland. \$1.50. | T. Whitaker. |
| Gentleman's Magazine Library: English Topography. Part III. Ed. by G. L. Gomme. \$2.50. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Growell, A. The Profession of Bookselling. Part I. 8c. | Office of Publishers' Weekly. |
| Hale, E. E. The Man without a Country. 30c. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Hudson, W. C. The Dugdale Millions. 30c. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Idle Exile, An. Her Heart was True. 30c. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Jones, D. M. Songs for the Hour. \$2. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Keeling, E. E. Orchardcroft. \$1. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Kelth Demore. \$1. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Lock, W. John Keble. \$1. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Lyall, A. Rise of the British Dominion in India. \$1.50. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| MacLaren, A. The Book of Psalms. Vol. I. \$1.50. | A. C. Armstrong & Son. |
| Macduff, J. R. The Pillar in the Night. \$1.25. | A. C. Armstrong & Son. |
| Marvel, I. Reveries of a Bachelor. 75c. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Marvel, I. Dream-Life. 75c. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Muncker, F. Richard Wagner. Tr. by D. Landman. 2s. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Parker, G. The Chief Factor. | Home Pub. Co. |
| Pollock, W. H. King Zub. \$1.25. | Tait, Sons & Co. |
| Richardson, A. S. Familiar Talks on English Literature. \$1.50. | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. |
| Russell, W. C. List, Ye Landmen! \$1. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Sand, G. Convent Life of. Tr. by M. E. MacKaye. \$1. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Sayce, A. H. Principles of Comparative Philology. \$3.50. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Saint-Amand, I. de. The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of 1830. Tr. by E. G. Martin. \$1.25. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Shedd, W. G. T. Calvinism: Pure and Mixed. \$1. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Smith, F. A. A. Keep Your Mouth Shut. 10c. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Society for Psychical Research: Proceedings of. 3s. 6d. | Boylston Place, Boston: R. Hodgson. |
| Schobert, P. The Flower Girl of Paris. Tr. by L. E. Kendall. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Sloane, W. M. The French War and the Revolution. \$1.25. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Thomas, E. M. Fair Shadow Land. \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Underwood, F. H. Quabbin. \$1.75. | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Walton, I. The Complete Angler. Ed. by E. G. Johnson. \$1. | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. |
| Young, E. Elementary Practical Chemistry. 6d. | London: M. Platt & Paine. |

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1851.

1893.

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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

January 1, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans on First Mortgages of Real Estate,	-	-	-	\$5,498,079.79
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in force,	-	-	-	751,323.23
Loans on Collateral,	-	-	-	13,050.00
Cost Value of Real Estate owned by the Company,	-	-	-	1,036,993.16
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks,	-	-	-	2,022,391.07
Bank Stocks,	-	-	-	164,440.00
Cash in Office,	-	-	-	171.71
Cash deposited in Banks,	-	-	-	306,363.73
Add:				\$9,726,812.69
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over cost,	-	-	-	\$ 65,278.93
Interest accrued and due,	-	-	-	138,512.62
Premiums in course of collection,	-	-	-	76,438.43
Deferred Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums,	-	-	-	69,567.45
Gross Assets, January 1, 1893,	-	-	-	\$10,076,410.11

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest (Conn. and N. Y. Standard),	\$8,874,509.00	
Claims by death outstanding,	92,190.00	
Premiums paid in advance,	9,695.00	
Loading on outstanding and deferred Premiums and other Liabilities,	34,546.84	
Special Policy and Investment Reserves,	440,894.63	9,481,835.47
Surplus at 4 per cent.,		\$624,874.64
Surplus at 4½ per cent.,		\$1,180,000.00

New Policies written in 1892,	3,669,	Amount,	\$7,776,080.00
Not taken, recalled and Canceled,	885,	"	1,349,800.00
New Policies issued in 1892 and taken or outstanding Dec. 31st,	3,084,	"	\$6,426,280.00
Percentage of gain in business written over 1891, 80 per cent.			

Policies in force,	19,788
Insurance in force,	\$30,388,949.00

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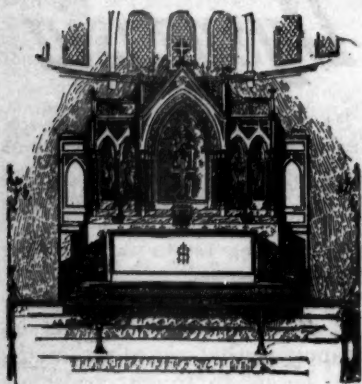
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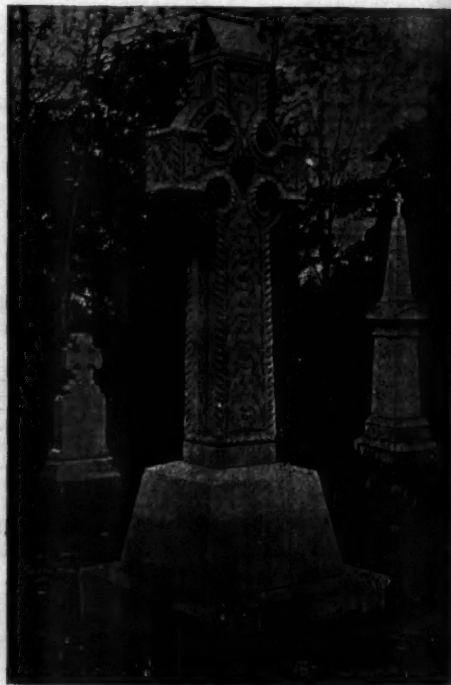
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ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1881

Bishop Potter

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January 1st, 1893.

Premium Receipts in 1892, - - -	\$4,660,839.89
Interest Receipts in 1892, - - -	1,892,418.98
Total Receipts during the year, - - -	6,553,258.84
Disbursements to Policy-holders, - - -	
and for expenses, taxes, etc., - - -	5,361,917.89
Assets January 1, 1893, - - -	30,675,516.07
Total Liabilities, - - -	32,610,478.10
Surplus by Conn., Mass., and N. Y. standard, - - -	6,065,039.97
Policies in force January 1, 1893, - - -	
\$1,289, insuring, - - -	132,778,468.04
Policies issued in 1892, - - -	
12,878, insuring, - - -	28,471,104.30

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of the

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NET ASSETS, January 1, 1893, \$58,007,704 81
RECEIVED IN 1892.

For Premiums \$4,692,903 33

For Interest and Rents. 3,168,070 69

Profit and Loss. 94,648 71

\$7,884,916 73

\$66,092,711 61

DISBURSED IN 1892.

For claims by death
and matured en-
dowments.....\$4,168,182 75Surplus returned to
policy-holders.... 1,233,598 14Lapsed and Sur-
rendered Policies.. 565,318 89

TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS. \$5,957,090 78

Commission to Agents, Sal-
aries, Medical Examiners'fees, Printing, Advertis-
ing, Legal, Real Estate,

and all other Expenses... 798,055 60

TAXES 300,160 49

7,055,315 97

BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1892, \$59,037,396 74

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien. \$36,444,759 00

Loans upon Stocks and Bonds. 38,318 90

Premium Notes on Policies in force. 1,454,375 04

Cost of Real Estate owned by the Com-
pany..... 6,791,391 91

Cost of United States and other Bonds.. 19,181,077 18

Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks..... 305,000 00

Cash in Banks..... 1,340,000 00

Bills receivable..... 531 71

\$59,037,396 74

ADD

Interest due and accrued.. \$947,536 91

Rents accrued. 7,041 91

Market value of stocks and
bonds over cost..... 603,136 07

Net deferred premiums.... 166,439 06

\$1,724,154 15

GROSS ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1892, \$60,761,549 89

LIABILITIES:

Amount required to re-in-
sure all outstanding Poli-
cies, net, Company's

standard.....\$33,307,047 00

All other liabilities..... 1,007,573 01

\$34,314,620 01

SURPLUS by Company's Standard..... \$6,446,909 88

SURPLUS by State Reports will exceed... 7,000,000 00

Ratio of expenses of management to re-
ceipts in 1892.. 10.12 per cent.

Policies in force Dec. 31, 1892, 65,557.

Insuring..... \$157,737,320 00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.

JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice-Prest.

EDWARD M. BUNCE, Sec.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Actuary.

PHILIP S. MILLER, General Agent
1 Wall St., New York.